

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 135

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No. 812

EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE EDITOR

SHOULD WE BAN THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY?

YES

JAMES RAMSDEN

NO

ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

RELIGION IN RUSSIA

EDWARD CRANKSHAW

TURKEY TO-DAY

MALCOLM BURR

EASTERN VISITOR

EDMUND BLUNDEN

COURAGE AND THE WRITER

ERIC GILLETT

THE ELIZABETHAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND

A. L. ROWSE

A VICTORIAN SAINT

IVO GEIKIE-COBB

ETC.

ETC.

ETC.

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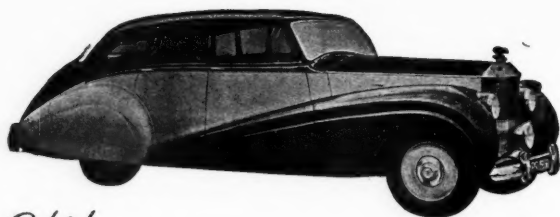
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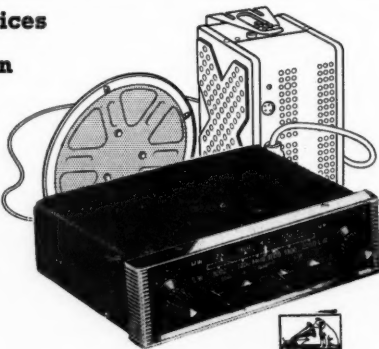
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LAST month the question still was: could the United Nations' forces in Korea survive or would they be overrun by their fanatical assailants? The tactical situation showed some signs of improvement, but the strategy of the war was still, from our point of view, defensive.

Now the boot is on the other leg. A magnificent counter-offensive has been launched—in which British troops have been taking part—and victory, though it may be delayed, is no longer the remote prospect it has hitherto been.

Re-enter Marshall

NO crocodile tears have been shed over the resignation of Mr. Louis Johnson from the post of United States Secretary of Defence, since it had for some time been felt that the qualities required for organising political campaigns were not altogether adequate for campaigns of a different sort. His successor, the great General Marshall, stands so high in public esteem that he will probably be as immune from partisan attack as he is himself free from partisan rancour and calculation.

Steel

THESE evils are, however, much in evidence in the United Kingdom as we go to press. The Government's policy for iron and steel is one which we have always deplored,

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and we deplore it still. State monopoly ownership is the worst possible way of exercising public control over an industry. It is wrong in theory and it is being proved wrong in practice. Besides, this is not the moment for organic change in an industry which will be as vital to the rearmament programme as it has been to the export drive. Present circumstances, national and international, would have given the Government an excellent excuse for delaying the implementation of their most controversial measure.

Placating the Doctrinaires

IT is fair to surmise that the Government's chief reason for pressing ahead with steel nationalisation as and when they did was that they needed some juicy doctrinaire morsel to throw to the extremists at the forthcoming Party Conference. The attitude, and, more wonderful still, the action which a Socialist Government have been forced to take in the matter of Defence has naturally created disquietude among the purists. But the latter may be satisfied and placated now that the Government have behaved so challengingly and so uncompromisingly over steel. This is the sort of thing they have been imagining for years in their dreary conclaves; the sort of rigid, clumsy, authoritarian technique they like. And they have had their way, because the more moderate members of the Socialist hierarchy are not, apparently, willing to sacrifice power and the figment of party solidarity to the plainest dictates of public conscience.

The Sad Case of Herbert Morrison

MR. HERBERT MORRISON'S performance is peculiar and not very admirable. It is an open secret that he has gravely doubted the wisdom of nationalising steel and that his influence has recently been all on the side of empiricism. But in public he remains the stout-hearted Socialist: in Parliament he defends the policy which others have certainly done so much more than he to force upon the Cabinet, and upon the country. He is a plausible debater, a master-politician.

But it has always been the salvation of British politics that great individuals have appeared in it who have been able, on

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issues of the highest importance, to speak their minds and damn the consequences. The example of Joseph Chamberlain is one of the noblest: but there have been many others, including Mr. Eden and those high-ranking Conservatives who gave up office rather than support a policy of which, on national grounds, they could not approve. It is a calamity that neither Mr. Herbert Morrison nor any of his "moderate" colleagues is able to show the same sterling quality to-day. The Socialist Party thus continues to exploit the loyalty of millions of men and women who, with little knowledge of politics, blindly support a team of fanatics and *faux bons-hommes*, which pretends to be united and calls itself *their* Government.

The Labour-Socialist Coalition

IT is a curious irony that, though the present Government and their supporters are almost pathologically opposed to the theory of coalition, they have in effect achieved nothing more nor less than a coalition by their shameless internal compromises. Rather than admit to differences among themselves which might cause them to lose face with the public, and which might produce—quite naturally—a wave of sympathy for their much-abused adversaries, they have established a Left-wing Coalition which is even more odious than coalitions usually are, because it is founded upon hypocrisy.

This Coalition may be described as Labour-Socialist. The Labour element, which gives the Government its mass support, is Radical in temper but uninterested in theory for theory's sake. The Socialist faction, though far smaller, is still predominant, because it is fanatical, knows its own mind and is prepared to use any argument to sustain its doctrines. The solid phalanx of the Labour movement is largely controlled by people who are miscalled intellectuals—miscalled, because too often their only claim to the name is that they can wrap up their prejudices in a deceptive garb of statistics and selective quotations.

"The Will of the People"

THE Steel controversy has once again evoked that most tiresome and familiar of all demagogic clichés—"the Will of the People." And it must be admitted that Socialists, though the chief, have not been the only offenders. The worst argument that can be used against the Steel Act is that the Government

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have not an absolute majority in the country. This argument could probably be used to disqualify some of the most important and beneficent changes in our history. Nationalisation should be criticised on its merits—or rather, demerits—and not by reference to plebiscitarian notions of government.

It cannot be too often stated that this country is a *Parliamentary* democracy, in which sovereignty belongs not to “the People”—a hopelessly vague abstraction—but to the King in Parliament. The competence of this sovereign body is, legally speaking, unlimited. It can make laws—and it can also unmake them. Public opinion is, of course, a tremendous factor in our affairs; but it has constitutional status only in as much as the House of Commons is elected from time to time on the basis of universal suffrage. M.P.’s must obviously be careful to study public opinion and to give expression to it whenever they conscientiously can. But they must never regard themselves, or be regarded, as the slaves of public opinion. Mistaken views on this subject are responsible for much that is harmful in contemporary politics.

His Master’s Voice

IN the absence of Sir Stafford Cripps, it fell to Mr. Gaitskell to expound the Government’s rearmament programme. The speech, however, followed the familiar Cripps pattern; a dry recitation of facts padded out with truisms. The most useful part of Mr. Gaitskell’s survey was his provisional estimate of the Defence Budget for each of the three financial years following April, 1951. The cost of higher pay and increase of numbers in the Forces will slightly exceed £200 million; the cost of new Civil Defence measures will be approximately £100 million; and the cost of equipment and stores will amount to £850 million. Thus, compared with the present defence expenditure, the Defence Budget will be increased by approximately £400 million—that is, about 50 per cent. To give some idea of what this figure means, it is worth recalling that at the present moment the Food Subsidies are running at just about the same figure as this projected increase in defence expenditure.

American Aid—No Decision Yet

MR. GAITSKELL was of necessity very guarded in his references to the prospects of additional American aid.

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He had to ride two horses, and his performance was none too dexterous. On the one hand he assured the House that "the Government attached very much importance to the speed at which arms could be produced, without waiting to see how much assistance we would get from the United States." But in the very next breath he admitted that the Government could not decide on the details of the full programme until they knew what the full extent of this aid might be!

Rearmament and the Dollar Gap

IN the most vital respect of all, Mr. Gaitskell's statement was far from satisfactory. Everyone can see, without any expert guidance, that the dollar gap and the rearmament programme impose, between them, an intolerable strain on our available resources of manpower and materials. It was therefore not very helpful for Mr. Gaitskell to remark that "the new programme must so far as possible be carried out in such a way as to damage our economic recovery as little as possible." Mr. Gaitskell is evidently one of those who think that all awkward problems can be solved by talk of priorities: on this subject he said there was no doubt in the mind of the Government that "defence and exports to dollar markets must now rank together at the top of the list." It is a little difficult for the ordinary person to realise how these two categories can be bracketed together. Mr. Gaitskell seemed to be aware of this difficulty, but his solution was a great deal worse than the problem. He stated that all firms were asked not to accept arms orders which involved the abandonment or the postponement of high priority exports, without reference back to the department with which they were normally accustomed to deal. How this policy could possibly be reconciled with the Government's avowed regard to the time factor, we leave to the imagination of the Ministers concerned.

Mr. Gaitskell subsequently referred to the awkward fact that the terms of trade were continuing to turn against us. He admitted that this disproportionate rise in import prices was likely to rob us of many of the benefits we might have hoped to enjoy from higher productivity.

The Menace of Inflation

MR. GAITSKELL complained of "a rather defeatist attitude about the inevitability of inflation." But his speech did

nothing to allay the very reasonable apprehensions of many of his listeners. For example, he made it clear that the Government were taking no immediate steps to try to scale down the sterling balances, and that the drain of unrequited exports would continue as hitherto. On this subject, we would only remark that it is high time the repayment of these sterling balances ceased to be a matter for wrangling between the Foreign Office and the Treasury. Mr. Bevin has long fancied himself as an economic expert, but few people share this opinion.

Mr. Gaitskell also announced that there was to be no reduction in the capital investment programme. Here we cannot agree with him. We have never for a moment followed those hysterical economists of the neo-Liberal school, who write as though excessive expenditure on home investments has been the sole cause of the dollar gap. But we do suggest that the investment programme can be divided into more than one category, and that some categories—for example, school canteens—could afford scope for reductions and postponements. Coming finally to the consumption sector of our economy, Mr. Gaitskell seemed to imply that we could pay for the rearmament programme if we all bought fewer cars and radios. Of course, this is nonsense. Earlier in the Minister's speech, Mr. Eccles asked an awkward question—"whether the Government, before requesting additional American aid, had considered reductions in current expenditure themselves." Mr. Gaitskell refused to answer, though he went so far as to admit that the nation could expect no advance in its standard of living for the time being. But Mr. Eccles's question goes to the root of the matter. Mr. Gaitskell is a sufficiently good economist to know that unless some reductions in Government expenditure are made, renewed inflationary pressure is inevitable and with it a certain decline in the nation's ability to earn dollars.

No Autumn Budget

THE Government's decision not to produce an Autumn Budget has been greeted with relief. Yet, in fact, this decision shows quite clearly that the Government hopes to finance the rearmament programme on the basis of "business as usual"—an objective totally impossible of fulfilment.

During the last five years the British economy has been continuously overstrained and now a far heavier load has been laid upon it. There is no slack to be taken up anywhere: we have

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previously stated the objections to any form of capital levy, and in any case the proceeds of such a levy would take far too long to collect for it to have any noticeable disinflationary effect. Nor is it possible to be over-optimistic about the prospects of further increased productivity. As the *Economist* has shown, in a most sensible and realistic study of this question, it is just those industries that were showing the greatest increase in output which will be most affected by the exigencies of the rearmament programme. Somebody has got to tell the British public that this programme will mean sacrifices all round. Mr. Gaitskell, and no doubt Sir Stafford when he returns, will conceal these stark facts under thickets of verbiage and self-righteousness. It is necessary as never before for Conservative speakers to show courage and realism when speaking and writing about economic affairs.

The Strike Threat

AS we go to press Mr. Isaacs, the Minister of Labour, has made a statement in Parliament about recent reports of "attempts to be made to cause serious industrial unrest in this country." Apparently these reports have grave foundation. There now exists an organisation of Communist adherents with a plan to disorganise British industry by widespread unofficial strikes. The men are notorious agitators and are being watched by the police, but since incitement to strike is not a crime at law no preventive measures can be undertaken, except in so far as it may be effective to warn all patriotic trade unionists to be on their guard. This Mr. Isaacs may himself do by a broadcast.

Parliament is apparently considering legislation to enable the police to act in anticipation of any trouble. This might appear to be the obvious solution in the circumstances, but it is very difficult to frame legislation of the kind required without at the same time infringing the liberties of the subject.

Communist Methods

IF, as the Minister asserted, subversives are always the same individuals, and if most of them are already known and watched by the police, it seems scrupulous to the point of folly not to take effective counter-action because of the difficulties of framing the necessary legislation. The question anyhow

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demands wide ventilation, so that public opinion may form itself, and be fully prepared to support or oppose any action the Government may see fit to take.

The Union chiefly involved in the unofficial strikes up to date is the largest of all, the Transport and General Workers. Its leaders are fervent opponents of Communism, and Communists are not allowed to hold office in the Union. But its very size presents the latter with their opportunity, since they can successfully work the line that the Union officials are remote from and indifferent to the needs of the rank and file, that grievances are not attended to and that unofficial strike action is the only means of securing redress.

Anti-Communist Methods

WE give prominence this month to arguments for and against banning the British Communist Party, ably presented on the one hand by Mr. James Ramsden and on the other by Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn. The latter is a Socialist, whose views we do not in general share. But in this particular discussion he seems to us to have the stronger case. Voices are making themselves heard, both on the Right and on the Left, in favour of a legal ban. But we believe that anti-Communist legislation should be directed against specific crimes rather than against potential offenders; and that political victimisation would, in this instance, most probably defeat its own ends.

Unions in Congress

ONE reads the speeches made at the T.U.C. Congress at Brighton, this year as always, with feelings of frustration and annoyance. In a body so representative, so important to the country's economic well-being and, one hopes, so responsible, the level of debate ought to be high, and sensible things should be said. But it never is and they seldom are. Instead the impression is of a climate of opinion curiously unadult. This is because no one ever gets up and roundly disagrees with any remark which comes within the general orbit of Union stock-in-trade and platform Socialism, however silly. Speakers can get away with any ineptitude along the party line: but it would be healthy if they were occasionally contradicted, as in

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real life. Not even the chairman of the T.U.C. can always be right, and if someone had got up and said so it would have made the debates much more human and satisfactory and valuable.

Rank and File Revolt

AS a matter of fact, on two specific issues at Brighton the Rank and file did turn the tables on the Council, on a card vote being taken. The first was a resolution asserting that the time is now ripe to implement the policy of equal pay for equal work, which the Council, like the Government, considers inopportune. It was narrowly carried after a heated debate, amid cheers. Those who anxiously support the Conservative Party's strenuous efforts to woo the trade unions may sadly reflect that their party's policy of introducing equal pay in the Government service, as an example to other employers, was not once thought worthy of mention in the debate as reported.

Wages and Profits Again

THE other question on which the Council was defeated was the old one of wage restraint. Sir Vincent Tewson wants it continued and said so in an able speech. But the delegates endorsed a resolution calling for its abandonment, and for wages to be supplemented out of profits, which would themselves be subject to statutory control. This was not altogether surprising, as the trend in the movement has been against the wage freeze policy for some time now. Moreover, the Council may have been suspected, in appealing for continued restraint, of undue submission to the wishes of the big general unions. These see little advantage in basing claims for higher wages on arguments from high profits, because in the industries they serve, many of them nationalised, profits are either none, or very low, or raisable only at the expense of the consumer. They also see the most benefit to their own members from a policy of wage restraint, because when that prevails the claims of the lowest paid workers on the whole get preference, and these big unions have a larger proportion than the others of members living at bare subsistence level.

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Still No Solution

ON the whole it was disappointing that the conference produced no further step towards a wages policy. The Chairman, Mr. Bullock, at one time seemed to be getting warm when he referred with commendation to the American practice of unions running their own production engineers, efficiency experts, etc., and, having thus by their own efforts raised production and, therewith, profits of these claiming a share in the form of increased wages. Mr. Bullock's implication that trade unionism in this country has lessons to learn from the American system of reliance upon efficient production and collective bargaining to raise the standards of the worker, will be welcomed. So will the heavy vote in support of the Government's policy in Korea, and against a Communist-prompted amendment containing the familiar line about peace and the control of atomic energy.

The Foreign Ministers and Germany

AFTER a prolonged session in New York the "Big Three" Foreign Ministers have issued a statement of the highest importance. They have decided to end the state of war between themselves and Germany as soon as constitutional procedure in their respective countries will allow, and to amend the Occupation Statute in such a way as to permit Western Germany to have more control over its own affairs. They have given the equivalent of a military guarantee to Western Germany, not only against aggression of the ordinary kind (which the Germans know so well), but also against aggression masquerading as civil war (*e.g.*, Korea). They have sanctioned "the establishment of mobile police formations organised on a *Land* provincial basis, but with provisions which would enable the Federal Government to have adequate powers to make effective use of . . . this force in order fully to meet the exigencies of the present situation." But in spite of these concessions "the legal basis of the occupation" will be maintained.

Main Question Still Undecided

ON the most difficult and dangerous question of all—whether German military formations should be permitted

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and, if so, in what form—the Foreign Ministers evidently failed to reach agreement. While gravely admitting that “the recreation of a German national army would not serve the best interests of Germany or Europe,” they have nevertheless “taken note . . . of sentiments recently expressed in Germany and elsewhere in favour of German participation in an integrated force for the defence of European freedom.” The idea of such participation is now they say, “the subject of study and exchange of views.”

Schuman v. The Rest

WE do not pretend to know what will emerge from these lucubrations. The dangers inseparable from *any* rearmament of Germans were, we understand, stressed at the Foreign Ministers' meeting by M. Schuman, as befitted the representative of France. But M. Schuman has shown himself to be a federalist, and this may prove to be his Achilles heel. His French common sense may, in the last resort, be sacrificed to his federalism. But we devoutly hope that this will not occur, or that his colleagues and compatriots will restrain him.

Who Are The Realists?

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Times* has contrasted M. Schuman's doubts with “the realism of Mr. Bevin and Mr. Acheson,” and has referred somewhat patronisingly to “the natural French reading of history.” This prompts us to ask: who are in fact the more realistic, M. Schuman with his distrust of Germans with weapons in their hands, or Messrs. Bevin and Acheson with their apparent belief in German regeneration and in the transcendental qualities of a “European defence force”? And why should the manifest lessons of history be dismissed as French partiality? The French are not always sound in their history: but the tale of German duplicity and bestiality, based upon an immensely potent atavistic quasi-religion—not easily or quickly exorcised—is such a huge and outstanding historical *fact*, that it is hard to see how anyone in his right senses could call it in question. This is not French history: it is just history. But it seems to be part of the Teutonic magic that we always forget. Such forgetfulness has already cost us dear and may yet be our complete undoing.

Hostility To The Russians

ONE major factor in the world situation is the intense hostility which Russian and Communist rule creates everywhere among subject peoples behind the Iron Curtain. That hostility, though not measurable, is undoubtedly growing. The restrained but deeply moving memoirs of General Bor-Komorowski (*The Secret Army*. Gollancz. 21s.), which, after long delay, have now been published in England, show how effective and how terrible hostility of this kind can be. The great deeds of the Polish Underground include the Warsaw Rising of 1944 (which General Bor-Komorowski commanded), innumerable acts of most effective sabotage, and the discovery and transmission to London of the information which led to the bombing of the German V-weapon research station at Peenemünde, and of full advance technical particulars about the flying bomb. For the last two items Britain's debt is heavy, for this Polish action delayed the use of the V-1 flying bomb for months and made possible preparations which greatly lessened its effectiveness. The Poles, with their deep national consciousness and their age-old experience in preserving their culture against most ruthless foreign pressure, are certainly resisting Russian and Soviet rule to-day. Nor are the Poles the only people in this posture behind the Curtain. The West has millions of unknown allies, whose ranks probably reach into the Kremlin itself. The time will come when their influence will be immense.

Rome and Lambeth

THE Pope's forthcoming proclamation, that the doctrine of the bodily assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary into heaven will be a necessary article of faith for Roman Catholics, will emphasise a line of demarcation which muddle-headed people have been doing their best to blur. No doubt the Pope had fully anticipated this probable effect of his proclamation: but, if not, the statement which the Archbishops of Canterbury and York issued from Lambeth Palace very shortly after the Papal decision was made known, should provide a clear enough indication of the way Anglican opinion, of almost every shade, will in due course react.

Roman Catholics and Protestants alike have reason to be

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grateful for this new assertion of principle, the long-term effects of which may be profound. And without attempting to examine the relative merits, as material for dogmatic certainty, of "scriptural" and "apocryphal" evidence, we may fairly remark that the Pope's proclamation will strengthen Protestant feeling within the Anglican fold and weaken the case for Reunion. Nor need this be regarded as a disaster. Uniformity of belief would kill Christianity. Wide differences of profession and of attitude are symptoms not of decay, but of vitality. Let Roman Catholics and Protestants maintain their separate standards: fusion would bring heart's-ease to neither party.

Meanwhile the unity of Christendom, though not formally expressed, may become ever more and more of a reality as the years go by.

General Smuts

JAN CHRISTIAAN SMUTS was born and raised in a Cape homestead when Africa beyond the Limpopo was still no more than a battleground for warring tribes and life to the south of that river almost exclusively pastoral, none dreaming yet of diamonds or of gold. He was only on the threshold of manhood when the primitive conceptions of its Boer citizens were challenged by discovery of that hidden wealth. As a student at Victoria College, Stellenbosch, he fell for a short period under the spell of Rhodes: but when Rhodes's dreams of Anglo-Boer unity in a great South African State were shattered by the Jameson Raid, he abandoned that ideal and seconded Kruger's reactionary resistance to it with an intransigence which certainly helped to precipitate the South African War. In that struggle he proved himself a guerilla fighter of outstanding vigour and resource, and was second only to Botha as a Boer leader when it came to an end.

Racialism and the Aftermath

IT was a tragedy that neither he nor Botha gave Lord Milner their co-operation in the great work of reconstruction which lifted the Transvaal out of the ruin of war. Had they been more patient, the Union which was Lord Milner's aim and of which his *kindergarten* were the first architects might well have been

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consummated at an earlier date and in a more balanced form. (It was a direct result of that unbalance that Smuts was returned with a minority of seats despite a considerable majority of votes at the General Election of 1948.) As things were, both men after the war looked backward rather than on, until Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman put the future of South Africa into their hands on terms which have ever since told heavily against British South African influence. It has been argued that the loyalty of the Union to the Empire was thereby for ever assured. The truth is that between 1902 and 1906 both played their part in perpetuating narrow and reactionary racialism which they afterwards did their utmost to exorcise.

A Splendid Change of Course

THE struggle was too much for Botha; he died prematurely in 1919. Smuts has earned an immortal place in the history of the Commonwealth by his triumph over the reactionary spirit, by the slenderest of majorities, in September, 1939. Without his faith and vigour at that decisive moment, South Africa would not have played her indispensable part as a transit base for the North African and Asia campaigns; and without her the issue might have been terribly different.

Yet, in weighing the difficulties which he faced, historians will remember that in 1939, as before and after that climacteric, he was fighting a racial hatred which he himself in the first two phases of his career had done much to exacerbate. Rhodes defeated his own ideals by hurry and impatience in the last decade of his life. Smuts, by contrast, spent the greater part of his in striving to undo what he as much as any had done in his hot youth.

It was a magnificent struggle: but his last years were years of disappointment and defeat, and the end of the story is still in doubt—for reaction in native policy could not have gone so far if the Union had been established without overweighting of the back veldt vote. Lord Milner saw the danger and strove to counter it; the great mass of his fellow-countrymen, though under Liberal leadership, did not.

A Protagonist of Empire

NEVER, however, did a great man more nobly transcend his early misconceptions than Smuts. He who had fought

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the Empire with intense conviction became one of its finest interpreters and protagonists. He who had faced Lord Milner with hatred in his youth became his faithful colleague in a British War Cabinet. He who had sought German aid against Britain was one of the Empire's foremost leaders in the wars which Germany provoked. He who had battled for Boer isolationism in its narrowest guise threw himself with glowing fervour into the movement towards international organisation for peace. No man in truth ever played a wider or more varied part in the history of his times; for his power of thought was equal to his power of action, and he joined to these an exceptional capacity for simple, pellucid, but moving speech.

The key to all this untiring activity was his philosophy, set out with much weight of argument and knowledge in the book entitled *Holism and Evolution* which he published amidst unceasing political activity in 1926. He believed in a steady movement of the universe under Divine guidance, from small centres of energy and life to ever larger "wholes"; and that faith inspired him in the field of politics as much as in those of science and religious belief. The most unusual of his gifts was, in fact, the combination of steely resolve in action with vivid imagination and flexibility of thought.

The Voice of Rhodes

HIS name will thus be memorable, not only for political decisions which made history, but also for utterances which carried all over the globe. Of these last the most enduring may be his Rhodes Memorial lectures at Oxford in 1929; his address to the two Houses of Parliament at Westminster on Trafalgar Day, 1942; and the Rectorial Address on *Liberty* which he delivered at St. Andrews in 1934. There was sometimes ground for feeling that his liberalism in world politics was uncomfortably coupled with a less wholehearted liberalism in South African affairs: but there was never a shadow of doubt upon his devotion to the Commonwealth or upon his belief that the best hope of mankind in this era lies in the closest possible association between the Commonwealth and the United States. Wonderful indeed that he who had broken from Rhodes's ideals for South Africa in youth should have become the greatest living exponent of the two central tenets in Rhodes's political faith!

Dr. Malan's generous tribute to him is, we may hope, some sign that his influence in his own land will be more widely felt

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now that his dominant personality is no longer there to excite the old fears and hates. He would have achieved more in South African politics had he not dwelt so much alone upon the heights, revered by thousands of loyal followers but even to the closest of them an Olympian, too often out of touch. Yet his love of friends was deep; and to them he was a well of serene and tranquil wisdom, always ready to listen and sure from long experience to be of help.

His ashes were scattered amongst the hills and troughs of his own veldt "where the healing stillness lies," to which he always returned with love and deep relief, close by the simple British Army hut which he had made his home, in a countryside that bears the Greek name for "Peace." There he leaves a lifelong companion, the brilliantly talented wife whom he wooed and won as a student at Stellenbosch. To her and his devoted family we offer, with this imperfect tribute, our deep sympathy and respect.

SHOULD WE BAN THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY? YES

By JAMES RAMSDEN

DURING the last war Parliament gave power to the Home Secretary to restrict the activities of subversive persons. British subjects whose political affiliations had carried them into, or nearly into, the enemy's camp were interned, along with enemy aliens. The *Daily Worker* was suppressed. The machinery by which these things were done, the notorious Regulation 18B, was generally disliked and criticised. But though such means were repugnant, they were necessary under the stress of war, and the end was certainly accepted by public opinion as desirable in the national interest. On January 12, 1941, the Prime Minister sent the following minute to the Home Secretary on the matter of a Communist circular addressed to all active working men and women (this was before Russia emerged as our ally):

This kind of propaganda ought not to be allowed, as it is directly contrary to the will of Parliament, and hampers the maintenance of resistance to the enemy. I do not see why if Mosley is confined subversives and Communists should not be equally confined. The law and the regulations ought to be enforced against those who hamper our war effort, whether from the extreme Right or the extreme Left. That is the position which the Conservative Party adopt, and I think it is a very strong one, and one of which the country as a whole would approve.*

* *Winston Churchill*, Vol. III, "The Grand Alliance," page 640.

That was in 1941. The following questions should be put to the test of public opinion now: Is it really the will of the people and of Parliament that propaganda of a kind which was held to be objectionable and a hindrance to our war effort then, should be allowed free rein now? Are "Communists and subversives" to be given a free hand so long as they do not break the existing law by doing open harm to persons or property, or by giving away official secrets, or by conspiracy? Or, on the other hand, in the intensified atmosphere of precautions and preparations which has set in this summer, should not the Conservative party, or the Socialists (who are responsible), adopt the position that preventive measures ought to be taken against these people in the national interest? Is not public opinion now ripe for such a step, and if so what is it practicable to do?

Of course it is not suggested that the best defence against the spread of Communism lies in anything Parliament might do by preventive legislation. The best defence has already been recognised to lie in keeping people well fed, well clothed and in regular work. This should be followed up by explaining publicly, as Mr. Bernard Shaw did in *The Times* recently, that the best ideals of Communism are embodied here in Britain in the democratic ownership of redistributed property, compared with which the Russian system is

flagrantly "deviationist." Again, the law as it now stands is competent to deal with citizens like Dr. Fuchs or the Portsmouth saboteurs. But between the long-term defensive policy of society and its available means of just retribution, lies a field of activity in which the Communists can at present do harm with impunity. Men who go about promoting illegal strikes may be known to the police and watched, but by the time they can be shut up much damage may have been done. Communist propaganda, the subtler the more dangerous, cannot be controlled at all. It is here that the law should be tightened up. The 18B machinery is clearly intolerable, short of actual war, and possibly even then, because it excludes "due process of law" and compels the Minister to be judge, jury and policeman.

The American Federal Criminal Code provides for the restraint and punishment of those who teach or advocate the overthrow of the United States Government by violence. Under this section Communist leaders were sentenced to ten years' imprisonment and fined \$10,000 last year. But unless spreading Communist doctrine can be taken to imply the eventual resort to violence, and this is too nice a point for current legal use, the net is still not spread wide enough.

Equally there is the danger of spreading it too wide. Many villages have their tame Communist. One day he may be the Commissar, but in the meantime he is probably the only man who knows about bee-keeping, and no one wants to see him locked away.

But at all events it is possible to discuss the question of whether Parliament should arm the forces of law and order with wider powers to take measures against the spread of Communism, without going into the precise legal machinery to be adopted. Prob-

ably "organised subversive activity" ought to be the touchstone. Here it is suggested as a working principle that legislation be introduced to suppress the activities of the Communist Party and its affiliated organisations, official and unofficial, open and underground.

It may be argued that to impair a British subject's rights of free speech and free association is intolerable in time of peace. If so, the present "peace" should be recognised for what it is, a condition of international tension and unrest, remarkable for warlike preparations on an unprecedented scale, which have been forced upon us by the hostile Power with whom the British Communists and their fellow-travellers have made common cause. The Soviet Union is a thorough-going totalitarian state. World-revolution by violence is one of the open professions of its creed. Half a century's experience of Soviet policy shows no evidence of a change of heart. Rather, as time goes on and opportunity improves, we see the careful unfolding of a deliberate and aggressive master-plan. The war blows sometimes hot and sometimes cold. At the time of writing British troops are in action in Korea repelling a Russian-sponsored invasion. In these circumstances it is shortsighted to make nice distinctions between a state of peace and a state of war.

To say that by curtailing these rights one would be destroying the very "freedoms" for which the struggle against Communism is being undertaken is just so much cant. The free and stable society of Britain in the first half of the 20th century has grown up out of the political struggles of the 17th. Freedom and order were made possible by the firmness, bordering upon ruthlessness, of those who engineered the early settlements. Subversives (Catholics and Jacobites) were reso-

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lutely put in their place. Freedom was purchased by firmness. Our forbears built a strong house about them and having taken steps to keep out the weather they dwelt secure in their habitation. Now, if we are negligent, the fabric may again become unsound.

The argument that if you make Communism illegal you drive it underground and make its adherents into martyrs has really very little force. No action is contemplated unreasonable enough to make a martyr of any Communist, except in the eyes of another Communist. Moreover, the dangerous activities of the Communist Party are precisely those which are underground already. Mr. Gallacher's antics were harmless enough, and the vote at the last election anyway scotched the Communist Parliamentary Party. It is elsewhere that the danger lies, in strikes, sabotage and the dissemination of propaganda.

One important consideration must be the attitude of the Trades Unions. Some of them have Communist officials and flaunt daring resolutions at their annual conferences. But it should be remembered that the largest of all, the Transport and General Workers, under Mr. Deakin's guidance, has already banned Communists from holding its offices. There is a strong body of opinion in the Unions firmly opposed to Communism, and under wise leadership from the top there is a good hope that the T.U.C. would fall into step with the rest of public opinion if action were taken along the lines proposed.

To sum up: It is felt that, considering recent developments at home and overseas, the Communists in Britain are being allowed too much rope, and that it is altogether too optimistic to assume that they will eventually hang them-



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selves with it. Perhaps they are more likely to hang us. Their activities are dangerous and harmful to society and ought to be stopped, under pain of punishment. If we let them carry on, we are making a concession to an ill-founded notion of political freedom which the present anxious situation does not warrant. It is a good rule in politics not to create offences which public opinion condones, otherwise the result is fruitless litigation, because juries will not convict, and the only result is a lot of expense and bad blood. But it is submitted that action along the lines indicated here would find wide support throughout the country from public opinion in all parties. In the field of home security we ought to keep in step with the direct military preparations which are being undertaken. One or other political party should summon up the courage to put public opinion to the test by having this matter debated in Parliament.

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SHOULD WE BAN THE BRITISH COMMUNIST PARTY? NO

By ANTHONY WEDGWOOD BENN

THE problems raised by a proposal to ban the British Communist Party are not half as simple as they might at first appear, or for that matter, as simple as the advocates of a ban would have them appear. There obviously would be an unanswerable case for the ban in certain circumstances. If we were now at war with the Soviet Union, there would be no alternative. Some people would argue that we are already at war, or at any rate, that such a war is both inevitable and imminent. The only surprising thing is that the people who hold this view should be content with anything as mild as a ban. Surely the logic of their position is that we should register and imprison all Communists at once, as part of a wider plan to put the nation on a war footing.

Happily, however, there are still many people who are genuinely puzzled by the present world situation and who neither hope for another war, nor believe it to be inevitable. This article is addressed to them and argues that it would be impracticable, ineffective, unnecessary and wrong to attempt to ban the British Communist Party in present circumstances.

Let us look first at the implications of a ban of this kind and see what its practical effects would be likely to be. To be really effective it should lead to a weakening of Communist party strength and a falling off of its member-

ship. And yet it is most unlikely that this would actually happen. On the contrary, making party membership illegal would be much more likely to strengthen the determination of Communists to fight on. Working in secret, they would be inspired to fresh efforts by the sacrifices of their new martyrs. The members of an underground movement are less liable to become dispirited than the tired battalions who march unpersecuted in countless "peace" campaign parades. A legal ban on the party is quite the wrong way to go about weakening it. The best way to reduce its membership to negligible proportions is to improve the standard of living for the mass of the people.

Another very practical question is raised by the effect of wrongful accusation of non-Communists. Such people would suffer severe social and economic penalties, if no more. And they would get no sympathy, except from actual party members, who would befriend them, either as individuals or through some new group posing as a civil liberties defence society. It is probable, then, that the purges which would follow a ban, would actually lead many of the innocent victims into the party. So if you want to swell the ranks of the Communist Party, ban it.

So much for the effects of a ban if it were imposed. But a whole new set of difficulties would be raised by any

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attempt to implement the ban. It is a very unpractical idea. How is it to be done?

There are the legal aspects to consider, and even a brief glance at these is sufficient to show how utterly impracticable the proposal is. For even if no criminal proceedings could be instituted against ordinary Communists, except for proven offences such as sabotage, those who were branded as such might easily lose their jobs and suffer from other civil disabilities. Thus, merely naming them would become equivalent to sentencing them to a severe punishment. Such a procedure, to be at all defensible, would have to be organised on legal lines. If Mr. Menzies' proposals for the Australian Bill were accepted here, the onus of proof of innocence would fall on the accused. This violates one of the basic principles of British Justice. But the only alternative would be to hold secret trials at which the defendant would be denied the opportunity of cross-examining his accusers. For obviously, it would be argued: "We cannot expose our secret police to the publicity of appearing as witnesses in an open trial. To do so would be to destroy their effectiveness." In fact, however the ban is made to work, it would be impossible to preserve present judicial procedure.

A second serious legal difficulty would also have to be faced. Banning the Communist party is easy. But what about the Freedom Party which would appear a few weeks later, and the People's party which might make its bow six months after that? These might or might not be Communist inspired. Are they to be banned too? Is the Government, or worse still, the Security Police, to be allowed to decide arbitrarily what political groups are undesirable and then to ban them? This



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involves more than one dangerous precedent. It means conferring a continuing power on the Cabinet, which could easily be misused. No one would know exactly what he could safely advocate in public. The fear of repression would destroy the foundations of our liberty and of our strength. Thus, banning the British Communist Party is quite impracticable and attempts to make it practicable will inevitably lead to the creation of even worse evils.

But by far the most serious arguments for banning the Communists are based on the fear of sabotage, espionage and disruptive tactics in a national emergency. Certainly no democratic state can be expected to stand by and allow such things to occur. There may well be a case for tightening up the precautions against such dangers. But forcing the Communists underground is unlikely to make it any easier to institute safeguards of this kind. Far better, if

it is thought necessary, to strengthen the security forces and stiffen the penalties for such offences. This can all be done within the existing framework of the Law.

Last, but by no means least, we have built up in this country a Parliamentary democracy where freedom of speech and freedom of political association have been nurtured and cherished. This tradition of tolerance, developed here and transplanted abroad, has added immensely to the meaning and value of what we call "The Western Heritage." Do we have so little faith in the strength of our free foundations that we fear that they could be undermined and destroyed by the teachings and activities of a party, whose membership does not exceed fifty thousand, or approximately one person in every thousand? And are we prepared, at a time when the British example still counts for so much, to sacrifice one of the most vital democratic principles and one that distinguishes us from the Communist states? To-day we have less to fear from what the British Communists can do to our society than from what we, the non-Communist majority, could so easily do to that society ourselves, in a mistaken effort to protect it. Repressive legislation introduced in the guise of saving freedom would rapidly encroach on that freedom and would breed suspicion and distrust.

Moreover, our greatest safeguard against revolution has been, and still is, the fact that discontents come rapidly to light and political doctrines of every

kind are subjected to critical investigation in public. Members of Parliament are rightly sensitive to public opinion and popular movements can never reach revolutionary proportions. There is always the remedy of the polls. This is not the first time that we have had to face the challenge of revolutionary ideas. We have a political system, by means of which Britain has been revolutionised time and again, and yet we have very few revolutionaries.

A living democracy is more than an idealist's dream, as Mr. Menzies in his naïve plea for realism would have us believe. It is an intensely practical system, perfected after centuries of experience, well adapted to our needs to-day, and not lightly to be cast away at the first sight of danger. The way of freedom is always the most difficult way. Those who advocate a ban on the British Communist Party evidently think that they have discovered a short-cut to safety: but like all those who over-simplify the issues and under-rate the stability and strength of the British democratic system, they are quite wrong.

Always provided we can safeguard ourselves from sabotage and treason, towards which a ban contributes nothing, we have little to fear from the Communist Party in Britain. To outlaw that Party would be to strengthen its resolve, add to its membership and undermine those very democratic and judicial principles which we are trying so desperately to maintain and strengthen in this darkening world.

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RELIGION IN RUSSIA

By EDWARD CRANKSHAW

THE state of religion in Russia has two faces: one for the Russians; one for the outside world. The Russian has always with him a landscape of desecrated churches. In every Russian village there is a single very wide street, unpaved, and in spring and autumn a sea of mud: the width is to allow room for new tracks for the carts, when the original ruts go deeper than the axles. On each side of this street are the wooden houses, with rarely more than two rooms. A little apart, giving point to the earth-bound settlement of cottages and barns, stands the church, often surprisingly large, usually at a little distance, bright and clean with walls white-washed, or colour-washed to look warm against the winter snow, and a painted cupola. But when you get closer you see that the doors are unpainted and barred, the windows broken or boarded up, the colour-wash peeling, and the gilt Orthodox cross on the dome hacked off or bent out of shape. What seemed the centre of the village, lifting it a little from the mud, simply does not exist. It is gutted and used as a store for seed corn, or as a veterinary station, or as a stable. So that instead of lightening the poverty of the village the little church adds its own burden of shame.

In all these villages with broken churches people pray at home before an ikon with the little lamp for ever burning at its foot. It is safe to say that all peasant women over forty are devout believers, as well as the great majority of the men. They have clung to their belief all their lives and never concealed it. How many of the

younger men and woman are believers nobody can say; certainly, in the villages, more than half: but they are less open about it.

Very occasionally the church has been restored to use. Government officials will tell you that it is only lack of demand which prevents them all from being restored. A certain number of signatures to a petition is all that is required to have the church re-opened (it used to be twenty). But signatures are hard to come by: the NKVD has an effective trick of arresting one or two of the petitioners at the critical moment, so that only eighteen or nineteen are left, and the petition is invalid.

In the cities, where religious feeling is very much less strong, a considerable number of churches are open, especially in Moscow. But these are part of the other face which is shown to the outside world. As a general rule the peasants, unless they live near a city or hard by one of the handful of monasteries still used as seminaries, have to visit the priest in his home, or in the home of a neighbour. Throughout the Russian countryside there are far more priests than churches, some practising openly, others, an unknown quantity, in secret.

The face presented to the outside world is very different. The Soviet government has been heavily defeated in its campaign to stamp out religion. It has sought to make a virtue out of necessity.

There is now no active persecution of the church. Already before the war the new toleration was in full swing. Under the 1936 Constitution freedom of worship was proclaimed. During

the war the Kremlin found the Church an invaluable ally. In 1942, Sergei, the Metropolitan of Moscow and acting Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia, made a broadcast appeal to believers to fight for their country and the régime and to contribute their savings to a special fund. Many more churches, above all in the cities and their suburbs, were re-opened and believers flocked to them, those who could not get in crowding round the steps in the harshest weather. At Easter, the first Easter of the Russian war, the rigid Moscow curfew was suspended to allow people to attend midnight mass in the substitute cathedral, and trams were run to bring them home. In that same year the shop-window quality of the Government's new tenderness towards religion began to show itself. At first the Church had been used to win the support of millions who regarded the régime with distaste and faced the German invasion in a spirit of defeatism. The next step was to convince the outside world that a new age of mildness and toleration had dawned in Russia. Under the auspices of the acting Patriarch an elaborate book was prepared: *The Truth about Religion in Russia*. This book was ostensibly a symbol of the *rapprochement* between State and Church. Actually it was designed for outside propaganda. Inside Russia it was impossible for anyone but a foreigner to get a copy, although Russians knew about it. The reactions produced in Russians to whom I showed it were curious. Most educated Russians distrusted Sergei, who had had a dubious career in the affair of the "Living Church" in the early days of the revolution. His book was full of mis-statements, special pleading, omissions and distortions. Russians, looking through it, showed the usual contempt of official propaganda; but

at the same time they showed a nostalgic satisfaction at the very sight of the word God printed, in a non-pejorative sense, on the best government paper by a government firm. My own copy circulated widely among Russians whom I never met until it finally drifted out of sight.

Then, in 1943, Sergei arranged with Stalin for the convening of a Holy Synod for the purpose of placing the Church on a proper footing. At this Synod Sergei's position was confirmed: he was formally elected Patriarch of Moscow and All Russia. More important was the setting up of a State Bureau for Church Affairs. This was taken by the outside world as formal recognition of an organised Church, with carefully defined rights. The official line about the Bureau of Church Affairs is that the Orthodox Church now knows more freedom in Russia than at any time since Peter the Great abolished the independent Patriarchate in 1721 and turned the Church into an instrument of Government, financed by the State and controlled by a secular Minister called the Chief Procurator of the Holy Synod. The new Bureau, under Georgi Karpov, is supposed to be entirely administrative. Under the new dispensation the Church receives from the State no funds whatsoever, although taxes on its buildings are remitted and Karpov's job, ostensibly, is no more than a liaison job between the Church and the government. Since all property is at the disposal of the State, together with all building materials, paper, printing-works, and so on, it follows that there must be a State agency to authorise the allocation of land, the purchasing of building material, and the printing of testaments and liturgies, although these are paid for exclusively by the church-goers themselves. All this is very true. But the fact remains that through Karpov's

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office the State has absolute control over the physical existence of the Church in all its public aspects. Karpov is a good deal more than a liaison officer. He has considerable discretionary powers, and he is the agent of the Central Committee. Until its abolition he was an official in Yaroslavsky's notorious League of the Godless. A great deal of fuss has been made about the freedom of the Church to order unlimited quantities of testaments, liturgies and so on and to distribute these freely. Certainly the ban on these things has been lifted; but the Soviet Government can manage very well without official bans. Until 1947 there was no ban on the marrying of foreigners by Soviet citizens. Until the very end of its life there was no ban on the British newspaper *Britannsky Soyuznik*.

In connection with the freedom of the Church, there is another point worth noting. The Orthodox Church, disestablished, may enjoy a kind of freedom which it did not enjoy under the later Tsars; but the same cannot be said for the innumerable Christian sects, which account for so high a proportion of Russian Christendom—above all the Old Believers and the Baptists. These, unlike the Orthodox Church, were never harnessed to the State, but preserved their absolute independence, often at the cost of active persecution. To-day they are all lumped together, with Moslems, Roman Catholics, and everybody else, under the twin to Karpov's office—the Bureau for the Affairs of Religious Cults, headed by I. V. Poliansky. They are thus subjected to an official control which they have never known before and which is anathema to them. One aspect of this control is that throughout the whole of Russia there is believed to be only one Roman Catholic Church still open, and that in Moscow,

primarily for the benefit of the foreign diplomatic colony. Since the "religious cults" have, compared with the Orthodox Church, an insignificant propaganda value for Moscow, a great deal less is heard about the facilities offered them.

I have given no statistics about the churches in Russia because the few that exist mean nothing. For example, there are said to be 20,000 Orthodox priests now at work in the Soviet Union (as against 70,000 before the Revolution), and 80,000 priests and pastors among the "religious cults." But it is impossible to tell how, in fact, these priests are working: the great majority certainly have no churches. There is also evidence that, besides the recognised Orthodox priests, there are large numbers of priests following other occupations and conducting their priestly duties in secret. A very much overdramatised glimpse into this world is offered by a remarkable book called *God's Underground*, by an anonymous "Father George", who made a journey among the hidden Christians in Russia, and found, as one would expect, large numbers of believers among the younger generation, the army and the Communist Party itself. No member of the Communist Party or the Komsomol (some 16 million in all of the most effective and able Russians) may openly practise religion; but many of these still count themselves as Christians, and the existence of "underground priests" would be accounted for partly by their needs, partly by a profound distrust for the official church.

How much this distrust is justified it is hard to say. It is founded on the reputation of the Patriarch Sergei, who, with his successor Alexei, seemed to fall all too easily into the old pre-revolutionary relationship between Church and State. The fact that he repented of his association with the

"Living Church," which was the instrument whereby the early Bolsheviks tried to canalise the religious feeling of the country, suggest very strongly that he was more than a time-server: it seems likely that he was one of those men, ambitious and vain, who think they can best serve their cause by coming to terms with the enemy. In this case the enemy's terms were stiff. During the war years Sergei had to write: "From the moment when Soviet power was established in 1917, the Soviet order and its constitution guaranteed freedom of conscience to all its citizens, a law universally observed." It is understandable that the devout should distrust the man who was prepared to write this sort of thing to win Stalin's favour, even from the loftiest of motives. And his successor, Alexei, who has lately lent all his authority in support of the Kremlin peace offensive, continues this tradition.

The leaders of the Russian Church are quite clear in their minds about Bolshevik policy. They must know very well that they are exalted to serve the Communist purpose in a variety of ways: first to ally the recalcitrant with the régime; then to impress Western opinion with the broad-mindedness of the régime; finally to act as a kind of decoy for the Greek Church outside Russia. Perhaps this last was at one time their most important function. Certainly, since the *Gleichschaltung* of the satellites, Communist pressure on the Church inside Russia has increased. There is no longer the old active

persecution; but the Soviet press makes it clear on every possible occasion that one of the first duties of the Party is to stamp out religion of all kinds. Recently precept has been translated into practice. No longer content with an anti-religious campaign in the abstract, the government and the Party have organised a series of elaborate courses throughout the country for training anti-God propagandists, who are then sent back to their districts with instructions to preach to the villagers. This amounts to a revival of the Militant League of the Godless, using a more advanced technique. The anti-God propagandists of to-day are no longer content to demonstrate that the bodies of saints are as corruptible as the bodies of ordinary men and women: they have to link their teaching with the theories of Pavlov, now glorified as the high-priest of atheism, and Lysenko, whose ideas about potatoes are a little closer to the earth.

The leaders of the Orthodox Church know all this. They know they are tolerated for its own reasons by a government which is the implacable and profoundly convinced foe of everything they are supposed to stand for. They know that by behaving as though all were for the best in the best possible world they are lending their active support to the régime. It is to be supposed that they do this in the belief, similar to that once held by a lady of Riga, that they can ultimately use Stalin as Stalin is now, all too evidently, using them.

EDWARD CRANKSHAW.

THE LACKING SENSE OF URGENCY

By DENYS SMITH

THERE is a widespread feeling in the United States that Britain and other countries of Western Europe have not yet fully grasped the urgency of the hour. Americans have confidence in the British people. The neutrality and isolationist groups are weaker in Britain than elsewhere in Europe. Britain is regarded as the one European country in which the will to resist aggression does not depend upon the means to resist. The French, on the other hand, with their more logical minds pay more attention, it is thought, to possessing the means to resist. The graph of the means to resist in France has not yet crossed the graph of the will to resist; the point has not yet been reached, in other words, at which French opposition to aggression can be taken for granted.

But this flattering conception of the British character does not alter the fact that the American Government, and still more American public opinion, considers that the British Government has not yet set about, with the necessary vigour, furnishing the British people with the means to resist. Leadership and inspiration have been lacking. The sum total of British effort is impressive. If each step towards it had been taken a little sooner and each stride had been a little longer, American appreciation would have been a little greater. As it is, the impression has been deeply planted that pushing and prodding from the United States and from the opposition parties have had more to do with what has so far been achieved than inner conviction.

At one time it was the habit to liken

Mr. Attlee to Mr. Truman. Both were modest men with much to be modest about. Both had taken over in the post-war period as relatively unknown figures from war-time leaders of dominating personality. Both were considered typical of the unassuming, uninspiring, common-denominator citizen of the nations they were called upon to direct.

But such comparisons are no longer made even by Mr. Truman's enemies. There is too great a contrast between the leadership shown by Mr. Truman since the Korean crisis and the qualities displayed by his British counterpart. There is no one in the Cabinet who has caught the American fancy. The civilian heads of the Defence departments are not considered to be outstanding leaders by any standards. Mr. Strachey, whether justifiably or not, is definitely distrusted. He has been criticised in Congress more frequently than any other member of the Government. The only British representative who has achieved popularity is Sir Gladwyn Jebb, because of his skilful duelling with Mr. Malik on the Security Council.

The broad complaint made against the British and other European leaders is that they lag four or five months behind the United States. With them it is still business as usual, social services as usual. There is a certain sympathy felt for their point of view, just as you can sympathise with the invalid who hates to follow the strict régime which alone can ensure his survival. They had become obsessed with a date—June 30, 1952. They had looked forward to it, and worked

towards it, as the time when the recovery period would be over. Then could take place Europe's Declaration of Independence. They do not like to face the prospect that they must retrace their steps and once again be dependent upon the United States because of the need for expanded defence programmes. Where such a view is genuinely held it is certainly to be preferred to the contrary approach of the perpetual pensioner.

But dependence upon the United States is quite a different matter from dependence on Russia. With Russia the smallest amount of dependence is exploited with the ultimate object of destroying all independence. It is in this light that trade with Russia must be considered. In the early days of the Marshall Plan there was some feeling in America that European recovery could not be achieved without East-West trade. In Europe this view was strengthened by a belief that more reliance on Russia would mean less dependence on the United States and hence lead to a greater measure of economic freedom. There has recently been a marked change of view on the subject of East-West trade by the Marshall planners. It is now held to be essential that the recovery programme should succeed without it. The only result of relying on such trade as an essential element of recovery would be to give Russia an increased hold over Europe. If the removal of such trade would mean the collapse of Europe's economy, then there would be no Declaration of Independence possible on June 30, 1952, nor on any subsequent date.

Successive five-year plans and the industrialisation of the Satellite States have had as their goal the organisation of a self-contained Communist area using its own raw materials. Looking at this area as a whole there is a shortage

rather than a surplus of raw materials. If any Western nation entertains high hopes of obtaining anything of solid or lasting worth from it they will turn to crab-flakes in its hands. For the moment it serves Russian policy to create artificial surplus for export, thus increasing the dependence of the West on Russia. But this is a dangerous basis on which to try to build future prosperity.

In seeking to construct a new pattern of world trade to replace the pattern destroyed by the war, trade with the Communist area must be dismissed. The construction of a new trade pattern, which is the essence of the dollar gap problem, is recognised as the most important economic task of the future, now that recovery, in the sense of restored production, has been achieved in Europe. But the United States has little hope that the Far East will regain its position in the trading triangle which it once occupied, and is turning with increased interest to development in Africa. The United States could buy raw materials from that Continent and Europe would send it industrial goods. The dollars paid for African raw products could move round the triangle and supply Europe with dollars for its American trade.

The continuation of British trade with Russia, which helps the latter to build its war machine, is looked upon as an outstanding example of the British failure to recognise the hard facts of life. The British memorandum on rearmament, presented to the United States on August 3, asserted that "early deliveries of machine tools, raw materials and other items from U.S. sources are essential to the execution of these programmes." It then transpired that Britain was exporting machine tools to Russia which might have helped produce the very tanks against which the United Nations forces were

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contending in Korea. The reaction was immediate. Old critics of this type of trade, who had condemned it just as much through dislike of the Marshall Plan as dislike of Russian aggression, were joined by unimpeachable supporters of the Administration's foreign policy. Said Senator Tydings, Chairman of the Armed Services Committee: "I think our Government ought to protest to all the Democratic nations whenever they are making shipments to Russia or her satellites of materials which might eventually be used against the democratic world." President Truman himself said at a Press conference that he was trying to persuade other countries to plug the loopholes through which strategic goods reached Russia. One measure of the success of the September Foreign Ministers' and Atlantic Council meetings will be the extent to which they are plugged.

Mr. Attlee's insistence, early in September, that British exports to the Soviet Union would never be allowed to "damage essential defence needs" fell short of American expectations. It also seemed to be inconsistent with the statement of August 3 that there was a shortage of machine tools in Britain which America must fill. In any case his thesis that Britain would not export to the Soviet Union anything she needed for defence fell short of the American view that she should not export anything which the Soviet Union could use to build up its aggressive war machine.

Since the victory over Germany and Japan, Europe and the Western world in general have had economic, propaganda, political and every other kind of war waged against them by Russia. The naked aggression of the Korean invasion did not so much create a new situation as strip away the veils which had hidden the grim realities. The old problems which existed before the

Korean crisis are still there: the dollar gap, the association of Germany with Europe, the freeing of French and Italian trades unions from Communist influence, the need for greater economic unity in Europe. Against these must be set some advantages. Korea eliminated any European doubts about American intentions. It showed Russia that the period of cheap and easy expansion was over. It confirmed the wisdom of the Marshall Plan and North Atlantic Pact. If it introduced any new element it was that speed in solving all problems weakening or dividing the West was the most essential part of existing programmes: in other words, it introduced a note of urgency. It showed that a much larger proportion of Europe's total resources, that is to say the sum of its own resources and those furnished by America, must go to rearmament. But it has also given rise to an extension of the fundamental theory of how Russia's cold war against the West should be met. The old conception, into which the Marshall Plan fitted, was defensive. It was to build up areas of strength to withstand subversive moves from within. The new conception is that there should be positive efforts to clean out the centres from which subversive moves will come. Instead of resisting the cold war attacks when and where they are delivered, the West should take the initiative and launch, as it were, a cold war offensive.

This sense of frustration at being deprived of any initiative has in some extreme cases extended from the framework of cold war to the military framework. Some prominent Americans, including Mr. Stassen and the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Mathews, have impatiently argued in favour of a preventive war. Let the Kremlin be told that the next time international Communism launches an aggressive war

Russia will not be allowed to fight it to the last satellite, but will have war carried to her own soil. This crude response to Russia's relentless feud with the West is not what most officials mean when they speak of taking the initiative. In strict fact it would not be taking the initiative at all. It would be inviting Russia to pick her own time for launching a major war. President Truman in his radio speech early in September lumped aggression and preventive war together: "Such war is the weapon of dictators, not of free democratic countries like the United States. We are arming only for defence against aggression." He added that "Communist Imperialism" would be discouraged from new aggression if the rest of the world was determined and strong.

Strength is a relative term. The Western World would be stronger if the Communist world were weaker. A defensive military posture does not mean that the non-military cold war must continue to be waged defensively. The new and growing school of thought, which is strongest at present in the Economic Recovery Administration, considers that the time has now come when the West must take the cold war initiative. The first necessity is to face the facts and accept them. The Kremlin is uncompromising. It changes its tactics but not its objective, which is the downfall of the Western world. Any policy based on the assumption that a little yielding here and a little appeasement there will lead to a change in Russian purpose is dangerous deception. You cannot, as Mr. Acheson observed on one occasion, compromise with someone who seeks to eliminate you. If you do, you merely advance the date of your elimination. The only realistic course is to fight back.

Another fact which must be recognised is that the Kremlin is already

entrenched in parts of the Western world. The co-operative job of the West is to push the Kremlin out of power wherever this can be done. The place to begin is at home where the enemy is most easily reached. The first step is to deal with its cells and spies and saboteurs in America, Britain and other countries where the Communists are an insignificant minority. The next co-operative step would be to eliminate it in the shadow lands, the nations which range from Italy, where Communism has a strong hold in politics and the trades unions, to Persia and the Philippines where it is a serious danger. Then the satellites would be tackled, and finally the "cold war" in reverse be carried to the people of Russia themselves. Economic help, political pressure and intensified propaganda could all be used as instruments of such a policy. Even the Russian Government appears to fear the broadcasts of the "Voice of America," though Congressmen complain that it is only a whisper; otherwise why should they erect a thousand or so jamming transmitters to stifle it? The objection that the scheme is too ambitious and chimerical, and the goal too distant, is met by pointing to the Kremlin, which has never lost sight of its distant goal, is always operating to bring it nearer and is never deterred by any doubts that it is too chimerical and ambitious.

The only sane course, it is held, is to seize hold of every available instrument which can embarrass or weaken the Communist stranglehold. One small point in this connection is the ratification of the Genocide Convention. This would probably not prevent—to take an example—the present Russian policy in the Baltic of removing Latvians and Lithuanians *en masse* from the areas where construction of underwater submarine bases and coastal defences is proceeding. But it would

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provide a springboard in international law for denouncing such practices. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee has approved the Convention and the Senate may have ratified it by the time this is in print. The British Government, on the other hand—and in the present context this seems to mean Sir Hartley Shawcross—has obstructed and delayed its adoption. The reasons given appear trivial. It might detract from the importance of the codification of what constitute crimes against humanity based on the Nuremberg trials now being prepared. It would introduce a hopelessly illiterate word compounded of Greek and Latin. (This prompted one American official to ask “Does Sir Hartley Shawcross never ride a bi-cycle?”) A suspected reason is the association of Mr. Churchill with the idea. He spoke in

a war-time broadcast in 1941 of the Nazis’ “crime without a name.” Professor Lemkin of Yale heard the broadcast and invented the name now used, deliberately choosing the Greek “genos” rather than the Latin “genus” because of its broader connotation.

The United States believes that the world has reached an age when nations must stand up and be counted. The greater danger is not Russian strength but Western vacillation, not Russian cleverness but Western blindness, not Russian plans for world domination but Western refusal to recognise their existence. The United States believes that there is little time to lose and any sign of hesitancy or mental confusion, in Britain or elsewhere, is resented—if so weak a word can express so strong an emotion.

DENYS SMITH.

TURKEY TO-DAY

By MALCOLM BURR

THE creator of modern Turkey, Atatürk, is immortalised in the memories of his people as the Eternal Chief. During the past decade there has appeared in public places, alongside his portrait, that of his successor, the second President, İsmet İnönü, described as the National Chief. To-day İnönü is relegated to the more humble station of leader of a small and not very effective opposition. As one paper put it, to-day there is no National Chief : to-day the Turkish people is its own chief. The Election of May 14 closed an epoch. The Turkish people is now free from the leading strings in which it has been guided for the past quarter of a century by a single party.

To-day there are three parties in our sense of the word : the Republican, led by İnönü ; the Democratic, led by Celal Bayar ; and the National, led by Hikmet Bayur. Hitherto the nomination of candidates had been carried out in such a way as to ensure the permanence of the Republican Party, which committed an honourable suicide by bringing in a new electoral law, which the Democrats accepted. The latter had insisted that in the previous elections in 1946 there had been many irregularities and so they had refused to take part in by-elections. To-day there is one deputy for every 40,000 citizens ; the franchise is direct and secret, open to all over twenty-two without distinction of sex, race, religion, colour or property ; and the conduct of the elections has been entrusted to the judiciary, thus avoiding pressure from the executive. In the late National Assembly there were a little over 400 Republicans, 20 Nationals, 5 Independents and 33

Democrats. To-day the position is reversed : there are 410 Democrats, about 60 Republicans, one or two Independents and a single Nationalist.

The Democrats' case is that 27 years of undisputed power had made the Republicans an extravagant, bureaucratic oligarchy, which was leading the country to bankruptcy. The Democrats' policy is to denationalise the State industries, promote private initiative, raise the standard and reduce the cost of living, simplify the over-complex bureaucratic machinery, grant the right to strike and balance the budget. They maintain that the people have attained political maturity.

The Republican case is that the people are still immature, that it is dangerous to give them the right to strike ; and that the Republican Party has served the country well for 27 years, as is witnessed by their rural improvements and their record in education, transport and public health, and by the country's prestige abroad.

The Nationalist Party seems moved largely by animosity against the person of İnönü. Like the Democrats, it rejects State ownership, demands private enterprise, wants the right to strike ; but requires more religion, while maintaining the principle of the secular state. It sneers at the Democrats for being weak, is violent in its words and is probably rather reactionary and chauvinistic at heart. In opposition its voice is not heard, while that of the formal Opposition is feeble and petulant.

On assuming power the Democrats lost no time in asserting themselves. Their first act was to rush through the

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Assembly, on the eve of Ramazan, a Bill removing the penalties upon reciting the *ezan*—the call to prayer from the mosques—in Arabic. This was carried unanimously and gave general satisfaction.

Next, through the curious machinery of an amnesty, they re-opened the Bar to non-Mohammedans. This, and the mere fact of the arrival of the Democrats in power, was a relief to the Christian and Jewish minorities. In the eyes of the law, indeed, they had been Turkish citizens before, with equal rights; but in practice there had been social discrimination against them.

In fiscal matters, the Government promises completely to overhaul the system of taxation and customs. They are determined to put a stop to the chronic and ever-increasing deficits in the budget and to bring about prosperity by thrift and the encouragement of trade. Here the President showed the way by cutting down all possible expenditure in his presidential budget, effecting an economy of half a million liras. The Minister of Finance claims already to have saved £T40,000,000 on the budget. The target is £T200,000,000. One of the Democrats' first acts was to cut 20 per cent. off the price of sugar, five *kurush* off the loaf and 10 per cent. off various government textiles.

It appears that there will be no denationalisation of the coal and iron industries, nor of public transport; but many commodities will be released from state monopoly and the huge industries administered by the Sümer Bank will gradually be transferred to private ownership. This must be a slow process, for there is but little free capital in Turkey and a very small investing public. It has been made clear that the Government will welcome foreign capital in these industries and that it will protect its interests.

A commission is sitting to recom-

mend amendments to the Constitution. It is considered probable that these will include the establishment of a Senate and remove a curious anomaly, that the leader of the governing political party is at the same time Head of the State. Thus Celal Bayar, the man who created the Democratic Party and led it to overwhelming victory within five years, is still, like his predecessor, leader of a Party and President of the Republic at one and the same time.

The Prime Minister is Adnan Menderes—a landowner who learnt democratic notions at the American College at Izmir. He is interested in agrarian reform and, although he has sat for many years in the Assembly, he has the remarkable distinction of becoming Premier without having previously held office. His wealth makes him independent and he gives the impression of a man of modesty and sense. The Minister of Foreign Affairs, Fuat Köprülü, is a scholar of European distinction—an Honorary Professor of the Universities of Athens, Heidelberg and Paris. The rest of the cabinet are also new to office, but have been chosen by reason of their expert qualifications. The Minister of Justice, for instance, was President of the Court of Appeal and the Minister of Economy a professor of the subject who for years has been preaching the doctrine of denationalisation. Probably there will be some readjustments.

In Turkey there is no Socialism and practically no Communism. There are a few Left-wing idealists and doctrinaires, a few restless workmen with nothing to lose, and a few disgruntled students and journalists: but it may be taken for granted that there is no organised fifth column in Turkey and a crushing public opinion against Communism. This angers Moscow and the recent return of the Soviet and satellite diplomats, after their curious with-

drawal, suggests that another diplomatic offensive is to be expected. Publicity has been given to the allegation that many Turkish students in Paris have fallen under Left-wing influence. The number is given as 106, but one paper says only six. They are in receipt of government allowances, and these will be stopped unless they can clear themselves.

Russia can easily exert pressure on Turkey, as their common frontier extends from Mt. Ararat to Edirne (formerly Adrianople), while the Turkish coal, iron and steel industry is on the north coast, exposed to attack from the sea. Every now and then Russia is reported to be concentrating troops near the frontier, and it is known that Turkey's neighbour to the East, Iran, is riddled with fifth columnists. Soviet agents make trouble on the Syrian side and spread rumours of mysterious submarines in the Sea of Marmara; and there is talk of forthcoming naval manœuvres on a grand scale in the Black Sea.

The motive seems to be to intimidate the Turks, but they are not so easily intimidated. In this game the Russians were recently assisted by an American indiscretion—the publication of a consular circular to American nationals in Turkey, with advice and instructions about evacuation. Turkey, however, remains firm. In foreign affairs the Turkish record is a good one. We should remember that when, on the collapse of France, Turkey had a good excuse to denounce her treaty with Great Britain, this was, on the con-

trary, unhesitatingly maintained. The enormous help which Turkey has received under the Marshall Plan has now tied her closely to the United States. And this is in full accordance with her declared policy of intimate association with the great western democracies, which she takes as her models.

She supports the United Nations with enthusiasm, although at the time of its formation her public men vigorously denounced the right of veto. She accepts all the responsibilities inherent in a system of collective security: Turkey was the first country to decide to send a contingent to Korea. Her delegates at Strasbourg have made their mark. By showing that she is ready to give as well as to receive, she has justified her claim to be admitted to the Security Council and to the Atlantic Pact. Her claim is also justified by the fact that she is both the most steadfast and the most powerful country in the Near East. She could probably mobilise in all nearly two million men, and the reputation of *Mehmetchik*, the Turkish Tommy Atkins, needs no advertisement. With the modern equipment that she has been receiving, and training in its manipulation by British and American officers, these dour and dogged fighters could at least put up a strong resistance to any aggression upon their territory—even against the enormous force that Russia could concentrate against them. It is not for nothing that Turkey has been described as the bastion of the Near and Middle East.

MALCOLM BURR.

SPANISH HOPES AND HESITATIONS

By AXEL HEYST

WHAT is the present political situation in Spain? What is the present-day mood of that country? Are there any signs or portents of a change towards a more stable and a more solid régime? Are there any chances of the Monarchy being physically—as well as theoretically—restored at an early date?

These are questions many foreigners are asking themselves. But they can hardly expect any help from Spaniards in elucidating these matters, for the Spaniards themselves do not see a way out of the present political situation. They frankly confess that, for the time being at least, the chances of any change occurring in the régime in Spain are rather slender. The Army, they say, is more or less solidly behind the Franco régime; and without the Army's consent and connivance no change in the political make-up of Spain is possible or feasible. Spaniards stress the fact that all *coups d'état* in Spain have been effected directly or indirectly by the Army. It was by means of the Army that Franco established himself as the Chief of State. Are there any signs of discontent among the rank and file of the Spanish Army? Hardly any; and impartial Spanish observers—of whom there are not too many—frankly admit that Franco's régime does concern itself with the well-being of the Army. The Spanish Army of to-day is certainly not a formidable machine, but it is still fairly well equipped—mainly with German arms. Officers are not so badly off and they certainly fare better

than many who belong to the salaried classes. There seems now to be a dearth of "political" generals, of whom the Spanish Army never seemed to be short in former days. The fact is that Franco has skilfully eliminated all "political" generals who might have caused him embarrassment.

The Army, then, can hardly be expected to move against the régime. But what about political movements? Of course, the *Falange* seems to belong to the past—and to a not too glorious past at that. There is no political vigour or enthusiasm left in this curious creation, which has lived and thrived on borrowed ideas and precepts: in the "heroic" era of José Antonio Primo de Rivera, on Italian Fascism, and later mainly on German National-Socialism. As long as those two political movements existed, the *Falange* could prosper on some sort of reflected light and glory. But the collapse of the Fascist and of the Nazi movements dealt a death-blow to the Spanish brand of Totalitarian Party; and it was quickly transformed into quite an energetic and dynamic movement, aimed at securing the maximum number of lucrative positions. To-day the Spanish *Falange* is just a kind of not too exclusive syndicate for getting "fat" jobs. The only driving power which seems to have remained in that queer survival of Iberian Totalitarianism is its almost inexhaustible desire and greed to fill as many good jobs and positions as possible.

The Spanish *Falange* is politically dead; it is compromised, too. It

became a mere tool in the hands of Franco, who has been using it according to his own wishes and whims. The only opposition to Franco which may give birth to constructive and creative ideas can come either from the Church or from the Monarchists. The Roman Catholic Church is the only power which can oppose Franco. The decision lies with her ; but till now she has not shown any desire to make a move against the dictator.

There seems to be a general consensus of opinion in Spain that a complete return to the Monarchy would be the best solution : but again, nobody can suggest any practical way out of the present *impasse*. One thing is certain : no solution can be imposed from outside. Spain has for many centuries been living, so to say, on the outskirts of Europe ; and this being so, she has developed a certain sense of isolation and has become a very self-centred country. Actions by U.N.O. or other international bodies, designed to put pressure on Spain, have just the reverse effect from that for which they were intended. Spaniards are, above all, a proud people ; and the slightest suspicion of outside interference will at once arouse their hostility and rally them to their own Government, good or bad. Still, they are by no means insensitive to the obvious advantages which their country might have obtained, had she been able to participate in the Marshall Plan. People do agree that American capital would be very welcome in Spanish economic life, in particular for modernising the railways ; and it is an open secret that the Americans take quite a lively interest in Spain's strategic position. During my stay in that country I was told by those "in the know" that Spain's airfields have been enlarged and reconstructed chiefly with the aid of American capital and technicians ; and

the Barajas airport near Madrid will, when completed, be the largest airport in Europe, with dozens of magnificent runways each some three miles long—an airport which in case of an emergency in Europe could accommodate quite easily, I was told by some experts, anything up to 500 bombers. American help would be welcomed in Spain ; and it seems that the U.S.A. is the only Power to-day which could suggest any changes in the structure of the Spanish régime—though any suggestion of this kind would have to be made under the thickest cloak of secrecy and with the most scrupulous tact.

People with whom I talked in various Spanish centres did agree that the best system of government which Spain could wish for would be a constitutional monarchy, with some sort of strong Cabinet on a "revised Primo de Rivera pattern." They agreed that Spain must have time to rebuild her political life ; and that it would be too risky for her to be plunged headlong into undiluted democracy. The nightmare and dread of civil war should act as a deterrent: but the trouble is that there are too many people in Spain who would like to have their "little revenge." Thus the interim period of transition to a Monarchy and of restoring a full political life would demand great caution and great determination on the part of a Coalition Government.

But is there any chance of such a change being brought about in a year or two ? People freely admit that nothing but Franco's death could prepare the way for such a transition. Dictators, they argue, seldom depart willingly : as a rule they only submit to force or the edicts of Fate.

After the meeting between the Caudillo and the Infante Juan off the Spanish coast in August, 1948, it was disclosed that the Infante's eldest son would come to Spain and be educated

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there, while his father remained abroad. Meanwhile the Monarchy as an institution has been restored ; and it is possible that Franco might, if his life were sufficiently prolonged, restore the person as well as the institution—probably in the shape of the Infante's son. But such speculations are hypothetical, and the health of the Caudillo may prove the deciding factor. Juan may yet be King of Spain : his son has an even better chance.

Madrid observers are rather inclined to view the rôle of the Spanish political *émigrés* with scepticism ; they have either become senile, or have lost touch with their mother-country, or both. Many of them have simply been forgotten in their own country ; and it is generally felt in Madrid that in any future political set-up those people will be almost automatically excluded.

Outwardly the régime gives the impression of being more firmly established than ever. This is mainly due to the uncertain international situation. Spaniards realise that any sudden change in the régime would probably lead to a further dose of civil war. I met many people in Spain who ironically observed that "Stalin is Franco's greatest asset."

But the economic plight of the country is serious. The Franco-Perón agreement has enabled Spain to pull through without official American help. The first American credit to Spain was given by a private American bank to the Spanish Railways, or RENFE,

in 1948. The sum involved was \$30,000,000. It is believed that more American credits through private banks and corporations will be granted to Spain. Congress recently voted a loan of \$26,000,000 to Spain, but the Administration have objected to this and would prefer a loan to be made by the Export and Import Bank. Nevertheless, Mr. Acheson seems to favour an "activation" of American policy *vis-à-vis* Spain.

Spaniards are fully aware of the strategic importance of their country in the event of any new European conflagration, and although they say that they will once again remain neutral, and reap the fruits of neutrality, they know that this is unrealistic. The Spanish Army of to-day numbers about 750—800,000 men ; and considering the rugged terrain of Spain, such a force can hardly be ignored in any strategic plan for the defence of Western Europe.

Last but not least, the idea of *Hispanidad* must be mentioned. This is by now a reality, which is going to play an ever-increasing part in shaping the destinies of the "Hispanic" races. These two factors—Spain's strategic importance and the growing solidarity between Spain and Latin America—cannot be ignored, and should be considered without prejudice, by all reasonable people who live on the right side of the Iron Curtain.

AXEL HEYST.

THAT FESTIVAL SPIRIT

I. AIX-EN-PROVENCE

By COL. J. A. CODRINGTON

MUSIC, to a real musical expert who can write learned criticisms for highbrow periodicals, must be really hard work and must often be rather agonising. In theory, a faultless performance of *Così fan Tutte* in, say, Islington, should have the same effect on the listener as a similar performance at Glyndebourne. To the real music lover this is probably true. The appreciation of music by the majority of listeners is, however, almost bound to be affected to some extent by circumstances, for they have not the expert ears and sensibility to think purely, really purely, in terms only of music. Is this perhaps the reason for the present delightful craze for festivals which embrace all the arts?

Cézanne tended to divorce painting from the æsthetic emotions evoked by the subject of a composition. He would, it seems, deliberately choose as subject matter things like telegraph poles, corrugated iron or common china milk jugs, which in themselves had no æsthetic appeal, so as to be quite certain that no extraneous or borrowed emotion should affect the appreciation of his picture.

Pursuing this theory, perhaps the fact that Glyndebourne has its garden, Edinburgh its floodlit castle, Salzburg its baroque architecture and Aix its Provençal charm ought, from a musical point of view, to mean nothing, so long as the performance of the music is faultless. Would not the emotions be canalised more thoroughly into one

direction—the musical one—if extraneous competing æsthetic influences were absent?

Luckily this does not seem to work out, and musicians are not as dogmatic and highbrow as all that. They have, it seems, appreciated that for the general run of listeners, environment and circumstances add to musical appreciation and do not detract from it, even if the outside influences sometimes cause audiences to be less critical than they should be. In fact, music welcomes the other arts and joins with them for festivals. That there are other things to appreciate besides music matters not for the audiences themselves, for they enjoy “the whole thing”—the music, the town and all the other little pleasantnesses that go to make up a festival. It surely matters not for the performers, and they are sometimes able to “get away with” lapses from perfection that can only be perceived and disapproved of by an expert minority. That is why festivals are so delightful, for the inexpert can roll together in one experience a great many different aspects of enjoyment.

Aix-en-Provence seems an almost perfect festival town. It is small, ancient, beautiful and gay. The boulevards and avenues are wide and plunged in the deep shade of splendid plane trees. The cafés on the pavements seem always open. The fountains are really fountains, with lots of water whose splashing sound is rarely out

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of earshot. There are 18th century buildings with good doorways and wrought iron on all sides—the Place d'Albertas is a charming little square—and the tapestries in the museum and in the Cathedral are themselves worth a journey to this old capital of Provence.

And then the food is excellent. A cold poached egg in jelly with a few tarragon leaves is a good prelude to a *tournedos* perfectly done, with artichoke hearts in butter and parsley. Now such a meal is by no means impossible for the English, but it would be difficult to find in, say, Canterbury. Admittedly the *tournedos* at Aix was "Rossini," which involves *foie-gras* and truffles, but one would be overjoyed to find a good tender juicy steak, not overdone, with artichoke hearts in butter, at an English hotel, even without the *foie-gras*. And surely there is nothing very complicated about the poached egg with tarragon? This meal was washed down with a local, ice-cold *vin rosé*. In this, admittedly, Aix has the advantage over British festival towns; but why not ice-cold beer or, even in more sophisticated places, ice-cold imported white wine? It always seems so rare, and a restaurant that served such things should be given praise and publicity.

There is one advantage which Aix has over not only our own festival towns but also over Salzburg. The weather is certain to be fine. To know for sure that it is not going to rain is an advantage that keeps appearing all the time. One can always eat out of doors; the opera is out of doors and the cafés are always well out on the pavements.

This build-up of the senses: the

tiny but exquisite romanesque cloisters of the Cathedral (each side of which is only about fifteen yards long), the tapestries, the wonderful triptych in the Cathedral, the *tournedos*, the *vin rosé*, the planes, the olives, the vines (quite apart from Cézanne and the Mont St. Victoire and all that)—all leads to a climax with Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. This article is not supposed to be a musical *critique*; that is not the point. To inexperienced ears, however, the performance seemed excellent and was the culmination of a wonderful experience.

It was a slight disappointment that the concert of sacred music in the Cathedral, taken as it was from early Flemish, French, Italian and Spanish composers, did not include examples from English works of a similar date which are so little known on the Continent of Europe. This concert, sung exuberantly by the choir of Strasbourg Cathedral, fitted the Gothic vaults of the Cathedral of Aix as perfectly as the sublime and exquisite absurdities of *Così fan Tutte* suited the court of the Archbishop's palace.

And what seemed the whole musical world of France came to hear Debussy and Ravel and to hail with generous enthusiasm the first performance in Europe of Francis Poulenc's piano concerto. Lights, wine, evening dress and animated conversation in the interval contributed to the festival atmosphere, and it was indeed a great musical occasion.

But Aix and its festival means much more than just music. Here is a comprehensive example of the living and lasting greatness of France.

J. A. CODRINGTON.

II. EDINBURGH

By J. C. TREWIN

THE way to enjoy the Edinburgh Festival—I ask its pardon, the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama—is not to do too much. If once you look at the massed programme and strive to be conscientious, you will end as limp as one of the tramcar pennants that trail dolefully in the rain.

Not that it is always raining. Indeed, this year I remember most plainly a noon sky of high limpid blue, a luminous blue against which the frieze of the Royal Mile roofs, in gable, peak, pinnacle, and turret, climbed towards the bannered castle. Even the clanging traffic in Princes Street rang cheerfully; I walked down close to the shop-windows and missed the full architectural horrors above me. The world seemed to be on that sunny, crowded pavement, almost pentecostal in its confusion of tongues. Glancing ahead at the Castle Rock, a battle-cry in the air, I felt—not for the first time—like quoting Scott. Certainly someone should have quoted him. "Mine own romantic town" had no room for Scott in this fourth Festival, though I think he might have cheered several of the lines from John Home's *Douglas*.

If I had been a music critic I should have been indoors on this enchanted morning of late August. It may not then be the place to murmur that music takes five-sixths of the glory at Edinburgh, with the rest of the arts filling in as they can. As a dramatic critic I had only four major engagements in eight nights, though it would have been possible to have gone to other, lesser plays, one at least of which I reproach myself for missing: let me give honour to the Gateway Theatre for having adventured with Flecker's often lovely *Don Juan* ("where the fleet of stars is anchored, and the young star-captains glow").

Still, a good resolution for a Festival visitor is not to blunt pleasure by over-indulgence. To view Edinburgh itself, and the country round it, is surely part of the occasion. Thus I shall recall the darkling wynds of the Old Town, a drive beneath Salisbury Crags in a smoky twilight, an afternoon in a secondhand bookshop toppling with all the lost books I had ever sought, a before-breakfast shiver in the North Sea off a powder-white beach near Dirleton, the sight of the dome of Berwick Law from the Garleton Hills, and the little East Lothian village of Athelstaneford where John Home wrote *Douglas* and where a brass plate flashes back his name as you push open the church door.

In central Edinburgh itself there was the Rembrandt exhibition, if you could penetrate the crowds to those immortal Dutch faces upon the wall. Or there was a tapestry exhibition up in the Canongate, with one remarkable design by the young English artist, Ronald Searle. And on a night of rain, with the floodlit Castle hung upon air in the wet, blanketing darkness, there was the film of the gallant Kon-Tiki expedition: the raft that butted cumbrously westward, ever westward, across the Pacific among the sharks and the whales and the surprised denizens of an untroubled ocean. That in itself would have made the Festival for me.

Musically, as we know, Edinburgh had an unexampled programme. Major British and foreign orchestras did all that was expected of them, and the visitors from La Scala gave a performance that Edinburgh will talk of for twelve months. Glyndebourne's *Ariadne*, much ballet: enough here. But what of the drama? I found this more rewarding than last year, though there was no such talking-point as *The Cocktail Party*. The main lack, except in the revival of *Douglas*, was

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a certain want of excitement, and that is a quality we need at Festival time.

James Bridie had his way with the Trojan War and with the Immortals who use men for their sport. Much of *The Queen's Comedy* (with proper acknowledgments to the *Iliad*) was exceedingly well-devised on its two planes, and acted with spirit: I am glad to have heard Sonia Dresdel purring as Juno, and Walter Fitzgerald's sage tolerance when Jupiter—changed oddly from the amorous monarch of the early scenes—considered the little universe he had moulded from a lump of Chaos. But, in retrospect, it was not a play for posterity. Eric Linklater, Jonsonian expert, made an amusing modern pastiche of *The Alchemist* in a farce called *The Atom Doctor*; and the Old Vic brought up Ben Jonson himself, uncovering the vast Jacobean cauldron of *Bartholomew Fair* on the platform-stage of the Assembly Hall. If the cauldron did not boil as vigorously as we had hoped, this was due probably to the shape of the stage and the need for ribboning out the *Fair* stalls at the back of the scene. The farce will be brisker when it comes to the Waterloo Road this autumn. Already nothing could improve upon Robert Eddison's milky innocence as young Cokes, or Alec Clunes's hunched distaste as the well-named Waspe.

So to the fourth Festival production (the third from the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre) and, unexpectedly, the most exciting: a revival of Home's *Douglas*. This five-act tragedy in flip-flop verse has been disregarded for many years, though everyone knows the phrase, "My name is Norval" (usually without the slightest idea of its origin). "Whaur's your Wullie Shakespeare noo?" shouted an exuberant Scot after the first production nearly two centuries ago. Church authorities were dismayed that a young minister, John Home, should thus have

given himself to the theatre. No matter: the tragedy had astonishing success in its day, and in later years when the Siddons took up the part of Lady Randolph. In Edinburgh our modern Siddons, Dame Sybil Thorndike, played this part (in a straightforward production by her son, John Casson) and the last curtain fell on a tumult of cheering.

Dame Sybil, superb in poise and speech—she is one of our few attacking actresses—had re-burnished Home's tragedy: her lament over the dead body of her son drew tears from some who had come to laugh at a revival "from the shelf." It was a Thorndike triumph, one of the real triumphs of the Edinburgh Festival. An actor of whom we shall hear more made new fame in Edinburgh. This was Laurence Hardy, from Glasgow: he appeared as Bridie's idea of Nestor, as Linklater's vague, plummy Duke who believes in the making of gold from lead—you might call him the modern idea of Epicure Mammon—and as the lush villain Glenalvon, round whom the plot of *Douglas* so swiftly thickens. In all three parts, Hardy had uncommon subtlety and finish.

Here, then, are last memories: of the grave elegance of the New Town in late afternoon; of a flickering sun upon the classic screen on Calton Hill; of the gusty buffeting at the top of Waverley Steps; of packed hotel lounges; of a high babble of talk under the Festival Club chandeliers; of the strange place-names of Joppa and Portobello; of the Royal Mile's tapestried history; of the grandeur that is Edinburgh, and the Festival's three-weeks' surge. Already they are thinking of next year. The first announcement is of a new Britten opera, *Billy Budd* (libretto by E. M. Forster and Eric Crozier). Music again. Admirable; but what of the theatre?

J. C. TREWIN.

III. THREE CHOIRS AT GLOUCESTER

By SIR EDWARD BOYLE, Bt.

IT had long been my ambition to attend the Three Choirs Festival, and I found it enjoyable and impressive beyond all expectation. This is a Festival, first and foremost, for the lover of choral music. Very few of the audience, I should judge, had not taken part in a performance of one, at least, of the major works to which we listened. Indeed, it was almost *de rigueur* to follow the music in Novello's octavo edition. The routine of the Festival is a strenuous one: three concerts a day for four days, and few of them less than an hour and a half in length. My own horizon during this period was strictly bounded by the Cathedral, and by the admirable catering arrangements of the Bell Hotel. The world outside seemed infinitely remote.

The Festival programme is, in part, invariable. Thursday evening is sacred to *The Dream of Gerontius*, while the *Messiah* has been performed—in whole or in part—every year since 1757. (No one knows exactly when the first Festival took place, but it was not later than 1715.) Yet it would be misleading to overstress the traditional note in the Festival programme. Choral singers like to break new ground, and first performances are heard each year. I do not think the ordinary musical public fully realises how greatly the technique of choral singers has advanced during the last half-century. Years ago, the devils' chorus from *Gerontius* was condemned for its excessive difficulty: yet at Gloucester, sung at a tremendous pace, it seemed to present no problems at all. It was otherwise with the semichorus of women's voices towards the end of the *Sanctus* of Dr. Herbert Howells's new *Hymnus Paradisi*. Yet

I have no doubt that, within a few years, this strikingly beautiful—and excruciatingly difficult—passage will be made to sound as natural and clear as the semichorus in Holst's *Hymn of Jesus*. Assuredly, the Three Choirs Festival is no mere backwater of English musical culture.

Gloucester Cathedral is a glorious place for sound. I have heard Mr. Anthony Pini play Elgar's 'cello concerto, and his tone has never sounded so rich and mellow. Pedal-points, either choral or orchestral, came through magnificently: the performance of the *St. Matthew Passion* was on the whole a disappointment, but I shall never forget the effect of those grand, sustaining bottom E's in the ensemble which concludes the first part. High notes were bright and clear, but never piercing. The sound penetrated to every corner of the building, and could be heard with ease in those parts of the Cathedral which were right out of sight of the performers.

It was an exhausting week for the choir, and they came through the test extremely well. It was even more exhausting for the London Symphony Orchestra, who had hardly any respite at all until the concluding evening. Their accompaniment of the choral works was excellent, while their playing of the purely orchestral items left little to be desired. For example, I have seldom heard a more beautiful performance of the 'cello solo in the slow movement of Brahms's B Flat Concerto. The main burden of the conducting fell upon the organist of Gloucester, Dr. Herbert Sumsion. He was assisted by the organists of Hereford and Worcester, Mr. Meredith Davies and Mr.

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David Willcocks: also by Dr. Herbert Howells and Dr. Vaughan Williams, who conducted their own works. Some may have thought that Dr. Sumsion's tempi were apt to be too fast, especially in *The Creation*; but Haydn himself intended "The heavens are telling" to be sung two-in-a-bar, and the concluding pages of this chorus have never sounded more majestic.

Of the soloists, Miss Isobel Baillie sang her two arias from *The Creation* quite exquisitely; indeed, to me, the performance of this work was the highlight of the week. Miss Gladys Ripley sang the Angel in *Gerontius* most sympathetically and with a very full range of tone. Mr. Heddle Nash sang the title-rôle by heart. There was loss as well as gain in this: his performance was very expressive and dramatic, but not quite flawless in detail, while his top notes sounded worn. I was disappointed with Miss Elsie Morrison, who failed to do justice to the ineffably haunting *Pie Jesu* from Fauré's *Requiem*. Most people thought that Mr. Eric Greene's recitative in the *St. Matthew Passion* was becoming too dramatic, and I incline to agree. Of the instrumentalists, I have already paid tribute to Mr. Pini. Mr. Cyril Smith was greatly admired for his performance of the Brahms concerto, but personally I should wish to make some reserva-

tions. He is developing one most dangerous habit—that of playing the bottom note of right-hand chords disproportionately loud.

Of the new works, Dr. Howells's *Hymnus Paradisi* made a big impression. This is a Requiem, beautifully constructed and profoundly moving, which will assuredly be heard again soon. Incidentally, anyone who supposes that the whole-tone scale is hopelessly *vieux jeu* should buy the Novello edition of this work, and play over the opening bars of the Prelude. Dr. Vaughan Williams's exhilarating Fantasia on the "Old 104th" needed a larger choir.

I have only two criticisms to make of the Festival. First, we did not hear enough of the organ. Dr. Thalben-Ball played, most beautifully, a somewhat uninteresting Handel concerto: but that was all. Also, many of us would gladly hear more English church music. Surely this would be a splendid time to perform one of those Wesley anthems (*O Give Thanks*, for example) which are too long for the ordinary Cathedral service.

But these are details, and I do not wish to end on a note of complaint. This was a glorious Festival. I myself had not been before; I hope I shall never stay away again.

EDWARD BOYLE.

EASTERN VISITOR

By EDMUND BLUNDEN

AT exactly the appointed time my visitor from Japan was with me. He had never been in London before, and his map-reading from somewhere near the Marble Arch across to the City had obviously been good. He had flown from Tokyo (it takes three and a half days) to represent Japanese writers at Edinburgh; that done, he had hurried south; but there was no sign of hurry or worry about him. Here he was, faultlessly dressed, conversing in good English a little slowly, altogether as though he were in his normal surroundings.

Mr. Abe was no stranger to me. Twenty-five years ago, among the rows of students of English literature at the Imperial University of Tokyo, his tall figure and mild intellectual frown had distinguished him, but he was not one of the most fluent of our speakers, and I did not predict his present eminence among Japanese novelists with ideas as well as stories. Upon my return to the country which had been so dramatically defeated he had been among those who came to greet me with all the modesty and affection towards one's old teacher habitual among the Japanese. It was not from him, and it never would be, that I learned of his progress as an imaginative writer; but among his contemporaries it was easy to notice the reputation he had won for not only his books and occasional studies, but his strength as a cultured critic of life.

So, here he was, arrived at last and not at the best of times in the country to whose language, literature, spirit and institutions he had devoted so much of his life. As I talked with him once again, I was more than ever moved by the thought of that remarkable scho-

larly and literary tradition in Japan which he personified so unassumingly—the tradition of English studies. Begun in the process of transforming Japan into a modern state, its story now covers three-quarters of a century and ranges well beyond the field of educational and literary uses. The idea of England has been and continues to be a theme of fascinating light and leading to plenty of Japanese men and women; this enthusiasm was not to be quelled, however much its outward expression was restricted, by the long period of Japanese militarisation and the years of isolation in the second world war. Even now the Occupation has not permitted the appointment of English persons among other foreigners as lecturers and professors in Japan's innumerable schools, colleges, universities; but the study of English proceeds. Its meaning in the wider condition and activity of the Japanese mind was never reflected more conspicuously than in the recent triumphs throughout Japanese cinematograph theatres of *Henry V*, *Hamlet* and (possibly a still more informative instance) of *Brief Encounter*.

It was natural, as we were meeting a few steps from St. Paul's Cathedral, that my old student and friend should be very willing to walk into that chief of City churches with me. It was, as though he had been entering for the first time a shrine of which he already knew the shape and form and details, and had obtained one of his dearest wishes in finding them all and becoming for a moment a part of the life of the building. He quickened his steps towards the statue of Dr. Johnson, tremendous in his toga or blanket—the

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humorous side of it pleased him ; and he stared with me through the barrier between the public and the effigy of Dean Donne in his shroud, oddly striving forward for ever from the niche in the wall. Even the huge bulk of Bishop Middleton had the appeal for him that it has for a certain number of Middleton's countrymen—for this was the friend of Coleridge and Lamb, and Mr. Abe, like many other educated Japanese, knows quite a bit about Coleridge and Lamb. Indeed, he teaches their writings ; for a Japanese author is apt, especially in these days of economic insecurity, to be a professor as well.

When I had left Japan (in the spring of this year) the "Korea incident" as they call it there was still to come and nobody knew that it was coming, or nobody had time to discuss its probability. I had seen thousands of Koreans demonstrating all day long through the streets of a Japanese city, but their trouble was apparently only one of their rights as inhabitants of Japan. What did my friend think of the far greater upheaval in Korea itself and its effect on Japan ?

Tomoji Abe is not a pessimist, but he does not expect too much of the rainbows of our fitful existence ; and with his accustomed quietness he said that the effect was not such as people of his outlook could enjoy. The hopes that had been entertained concerning a peaceful community, rising from the overthrow of the old militarism, with a new constitution to assure that a really great experiment in forming a state without armaments would have every chance, had been abruptly darkened. Already the public expression of peace

ideals, at least in relation to immediate events and circumstances, was being repressed ; one of our friends, with a strong position as an academic and a journalistic leader, had had to admit this reversal of what had looked a favourable tendency. And then, to many Japanese business men, the war over the way was a windfall ; metal, textiles, and other requirements were suddenly called for, and accordingly



MR. AND MRS. ABE, MR. ABE'S MOTHER, THE CHILDREN AND THE MAID.

the dollars were at last flowing in.

I heard his laconic and dispassionate remarks on the situation without great surprise, but with increasing regret ; for during the past three years my course had taken me among the thoughtful in Japan, the old generation and the new, and to the best of my judgment it had appeared that something genuine, beautiful and promising, a result of value to human history, was happening. The defeat of the nation had led not only to an imposed demilitarisation but to a philosophy of peace and world sympathies and co-operations. In Japan the desire of all

sorts of people to discover the right idea is extraordinary; and here, seemingly, after enormous error and even transgression had brought disaster, they were on a shining morning track. But the scene had changed on a sudden, and as we conferred I could feel the dullness of another disillusion creeping over liberal and international feeling in Japan.

But there was nothing to do about it just then and there, and Mr. Abe was referring already to a theme whereon he could rest for the time—to England. He had found the landscape more beautiful than his expectation of it, and, he thought, the most fortunate being in the world would be the man who could now go and make his home in the English countryside. In respect of the English character, he

had so far found kindness and steadiness without exception. But it was time that he left me, he thought, to my many tasks, and, pulling out his map of London, he made certain that his general notion of the way to the British Museum was correct. He would walk it—as, perhaps, a true novelist should. On returning to my desk, I found a letter from one of his Tokyo contemporaries, and one of those who had formerly attended my lectures. “We are very much afraid of the coming of another day of intolerance. . . . God keep us from another nightmare, and may peace and quiet prevail upon earth, at any cost—these are very humble and sincerest prayers of mine at present. . . .”

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

Farm and Garden

“GOOD HUSBANDRY”

By LADY EVE BALFOUR

IT is a well-known fact that with the passage of time words change their meaning, so that the same word, used in the same sentence, may convey something totally different to people belonging to different generations.

Take the words “good husbandry” for example. To the average Agricultural Executive Committee man of to-day, these words appear to mean no more than a system of farm management under which land is well drained, well fenced, free from weeds, and heavily cropped. It matters not that a farm may be drained in such a fashion as to lower the whole water table; fenced without thought to the provision of windbreaks or shelter;

kept free from weeds by annual applications of poisons, and heavily cropped by artificial stimulation resulting in laid crops.

What a different meaning the words conveyed 100 years ago, and indeed until comparatively recently. Before the Act of Parliament which deleted the “good husbandry” clause from the standard Landlord/Tenant Agreement (which deletion was one of the greatest injuries ever inflicted on British agriculture) the words “good husbandry” were clearly used to imply maintenance of soil capital.

I have recently been sent a document which I wish could be read by all those who suggest that the practices advo-

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cated by the Soil Association are "new-fangled ideas, not only unorthodox but untried."

This document is a standard Landlord/Tenant Agreement form. It is printed on paper bearing the watermark 1806 and is called "*Regulations for a Rotation of Crops upon Farm.*" It contains nine main clauses. The first is that one-third of the whole land shall be in grass, and the second is that in no case are two crops of white corn to follow each other. The penalty for infringement of either of these two rules is payment of double rent for the year in which such infringement takes place. Clause eight reads: "No hay, straw or dung to be sold by the tenant, or upon any pretence removed from the farm."

After the main clauses six alternative rotations are given—one for light land, four for strong land, and one for medium land. Under clause three the tenant is free to choose his rotation from among those given, but once chosen he must stick to it. The rotations include many rules for cultivation and treatment, thus beans must be drilled 27 inches apart and ploughed with a single furrow plough between the rows at least four times. Lime, "six or eight chaldrons," must be applied once in eight or nine years.

One of the four rotations for strong land (on the two-thirds arable portion of the farm) is:

- (1) Fallow with lime and dung (made into compost).
- (2) Wheat.
- (3) Beans, drilled at 27 inches.
- (4) Barley with 12 lb. red clover and a little well mixed compost.
- (5) Clover.
- (6) Oats.

All the heavy land rotations include the obligation to apply compost, and the dung from which this compost is

made must contain a quantity of good soil and some lime and be turned over three or four times. The word compost seems to have undergone less change than the words "good husbandry." The final clause of this Agreement reads: "Fresh dung is never to be laid upon grassland, or upon fallow. In both these cases the dung must be made into compost, and frequently turned over, before it is laid on the land; dung, fresh from the fold yard, is only to be laid on for turnips, potatoes or cabbages."

Green manuring and even deep-rooting herbs in pasture also come into this document. For example, "the after grass of clover must never be pastured. After the second cutting it must be ploughed in when about four or five inches high"; and here is the rotation for light land:

- (1) Oats.
- (2) Turnips with dung.
- (3) Barley with 8 or 4 lb. Red Clover, 8 lb. White Clover, 4 lb. Rib Grass, 4 lb. Hop or Yellow Clover and 6 pecks good Rye Grass seeds. (*Italics mine.*)
- (4) Hay, the after grass to be eaten by sheep only.
- (5) Pasture.
- (6) Pasture.
- (7) Break up for Oats.

Note the insistence on the importance of sheep for light land. Such land needs them just as much to-day as it did then, but where now are the flocks? I have just returned from a visit to ten farms in Norfolk. On only one of these was there a flock of sheep. The management of this farm approximates very closely the rules of good husbandry laid down in my old document. About one-third of the land is in ley; wheat, barley, oats and sugar beet occur only once in a seven-year rotation. Beans are still a productive crop. Average yields over a long period have

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been (in terms of 4-bushel sacks): wheat 14, oats 20, winter barley 17, spring barley 19, beans 8. The farm is something over 700 acres and carries 200 head of cattle, 200 breeding ewes and about 6,000 head of poultry.

The stock-carrying capacity of the leys is: 3 ewes with their lambs, 1 young beast and 200 head of poultry *per acre*. The sheep have no food whatever except the grazing and about 360 fat lambs are produced annually. Even this year practically no crops were laid, and no weed-killing sprays are needed

because the crops are so heavy that there is no room for weeds to grow.

Isn't it time that we restored the old meaning to the words "Good Husbandry"?

EVE B. BALFOUR,
*Organising Secretary,
The Soil Association Ltd.*

Correction: In my last article I attributed the quotation about the ostrich to the Chairman of the Midland Bank. It should have been the National Provincial Bank.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE EDITOR,

The National and English Review.

DEAR SIR,—The three contributors to your P.R. Symposium are much better informed than many who write on this subject, but none of their articles is completely accurate in its facts.

Lady Violet's inaccuracies are small and without vital bearing on her argument—for instance, miners and railwaymen use the alternative vote, not P.R., in their Union elections, and it is not true that in the European countries the voter has no opportunity to discriminate between personalities: most of those countries have modified their party list systems so as to give the voter at least some degree of what the British voter never has, namely a choice between different candidates of the same party.

The two opponents of P.R., however, make much more serious mistakes, and in one particular they base their argument on a notorious falsehood. It is really high time that the two largest parties warned their speakers and writers that to blame P.R. for the instability of French govern-

ments or the number of French parties is as ridiculous as to blame our present Government for the Boer War: nothing can possibly be responsible for what happened before it existed, and those political conditions in France have been conspicuous for at least half a century before the first introduction of a proportional system in 1945 (a rigid party list system, not, as Mr. Jenkins suggests, a variant of the single transferable vote). Before the war, when France was a by-word of instability, she used a voting system identical with our own, except that a second ballot was held where no one candidate had a clear majority; there was nothing proportional about it at all.

Both Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Maudling take it for granted that the absence of a Parliamentary majority for one party means instability; neither of them appears to have noticed that such is the usual position in most European countries, including Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, which we usually look upon as models of good government. Mr. Jenkins points to the unhappy

CORRESPONDENCE

experience of the Labour governments of 1923 and 1929, but does not attempt to explain why the Swedish Labour Party in 1918 made a great success of the same Parliamentary position but under a proportional voting system: Mr. Maudling thinks a narrow majority a bad thing, but he does not seem to have considered the fact that the Irish Parliament (elected by proportional representation by the single transferable vote) has had no apparent difficulty in meeting the situation in which no one party has any majority and that Ireland's first coalition government has remained perfectly stable for two and a half years. The political effects of results such as those of 1923, 1929 and 1950 are very different when the voting system which yields them is fair.

Mr. Maudling thinks the maximum fairness would be attained by treating the whole country as one constituency. That is true only if we regard political parties as the only divisions of opinion that should be represented. If 625 Members were elected together, it would clearly be impracticable even to print the names of all the candidates on one ballot paper, but in smaller constituencies—returning up to seven Members—the single transferable vote can and does give the voter an effective choice between different candidates of the same party. Hence, while the accuracy of representation of parties may be slightly lower (only a few per cent.), we get also, with equal accuracy, the representation of all other important divisions of opinion—e.g., Left and Right wings.

This factor of choice between candidates is ignored by both writers when they allege that P.R. breaks the link between Member and constituent. At present the British elector does not "choose his man"; he chooses his party, and Mr. Jenkins and Mr. Maudling must both be aware that most of the people who voted Labour in Stechford or Conservative in Barnet would still have done so even if their two candidates had been bad ones. Has either of them ever asked an Irish elector whether he does in fact feel remote from his M.P., or whether on the contrary he feels a

stronger link because he has had to consider the relative personal merits of his party's candidates before voting, and because his vote has actually contributed to the election of one of them?

One of the main reasons why the two big party machines oppose P.R. is given away by Mr. Jenkins when he suggests that it would be "difficult for the Prime Minister to choose for promotion the fifteenth Member for Glasgow, who scraped in mainly on fourth and fifth preferences, after securing only 4,000 first preferences, instead of the much less well-qualified first Member, who polled 480,000 first preferences." Well-qualified in whose opinion? Clearly Mr. Jenkins means in the Prime Minister's opinion, but what about the voters' opinion? Are we not supposed to be governed by the will of the people, and in that case is it not the man whom nearly half a million people prefer who ought to be promoted? What right has a party machine to pass him over in favour of a man little esteemed by the people? Right or not, it has at present that power, and is extremely reluctant to adopt a voting system under which the electors can, if they choose, elect a "rebel" over the head of a party "rubber stamp."

To preserve that power, the two big party machines cling to the present voting system and make light of its essentially undemocratic nature and its risks. It is significant that neither Mr. Jenkins nor Mr. Maudling mentions South Africa, where, owing solely to the operation of our voting system, the Malan government is in power against the will of a substantial majority of the voters. Presumably neither of them has ever realised that in upholding their parties' vested interest in that voting system, they are exposing their country to dangers of that kind.

Yours faithfully,

ENID LAKEMAN,
*Research Secretary,
The Proportional Representation
Society.*

82 Victoria Street,
London, S.W.1.

September 8, 1950.

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

THE EDITOR,

The National and English Review.

Sir,—In "Episodes of the Month" in your August issue you stated that it is becoming evident that the times are not suitable for a General Election.

May I take leave to differ and to assert that many people are becoming increasingly anxious to dismiss a Government, in which they have no confidence, before it is too late?

The General Election last February was fought almost entirely on domestic issues, but to-day there is a much more general understanding of the gravity of the international situation and many people wish they had voted differently and would welcome the chance to change their minds.

If it be said that nothing should be done at a time of crisis which might disturb national unity, I would suggest that nothing could be much more disturbing than the decision to press on with the implementation of the Iron and Steel Bill.

The United States, Canada and Australia all held elections during the second world war without in any way diminishing their contribution to victory. Are we less fitted to do the same thing in a dangerous hour?

You say that you are profoundly distressed that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden are not at this moment controlling our policy in defence and international affairs. So are the majority of people in this country, and we will not rectify this position by saying that the times are not suitable for a General Election. On the contrary, a General Election is the constitutional means by which we can avail ourselves of their services and we should demand one at the earliest possible opportunity.

Yours, etc.,

E. S. T. JOHNSON.

Ashton Hayes, Chester.

August 27, 1950.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

COURAGE AND THE WRITER*

By ERIC GILLET

A SHORT time ago Mr. Ludovic Kennedy contributed a sincere, high-minded article to the *Sunday Times* on the momentous decisions with which recurring crises have confronted young people to-day. As I understood it, he discarded the "spirit of Dunkirk" as out of date, and condemned Christianity as being largely unpopular. Then he invited his contemporaries to turn to "a positive faith which can never be imposed from outside." As might have been expected, correspondents of all ages aired their views on Mr. Kennedy's pronouncement in subsequent issues of the paper.

It is true, indeed, that everybody to-day—not merely the youthful—is living a life far more complicated and restricted than anyone who was grown up in 1914 can remember, but Mr. Kennedy was not altogether accurate when he wrote: "While our parents and grandparents lived their lives in comparative security, we have grown up in an age of crises." A great many of us were fully conscious of the German menace before the first world war. Looking back over our history we can see without any difficulty at all that crisis has followed crisis. Those who lived through these times may have been less affected by them than we have been by our own difficulties and perils because, in those far-off days, means of transport and communication were so much less speedy and powerful, and there was no popular, many-editioned

daily Press, no all-embracing wireless to bring news of the menace—wars, strike, pestilence—whatever might chance, to every fireside. Jane Austen's novels are free from war and almost free from rumours of war, but a generation or two have grown up to whom the B.B.C's news bulletins are an accustomed feature of daily life. To obtain the perfect holiday now it is necessary to read no newspapers and hear no news for a week at least. The refreshment to be gained from this simple prescription is quite remarkable.

Miss Storm Jameson, a most courageous and able writer, has just reprinted in book form seven essays on *The Writer's Situation*. This book is a pleasure to read. I wish all authors and journalists, young and old, would read it. "Every age," she begins, "asks its artists, its thinkers, a question. In the end it is always the same question: What is man? Why was I born? What does my life mean? But every age asks it in a different form, and it is quite easy for an artist to spend his whole life struggling to find out exactly what the question is that he is being asked."

This is excellent and one hopes that all serious artists do approach their themes with such high-minded resolution, but there are influences at work now which make it very difficult for

* *The Writer's Situation and other Essays.* By Storm Jameson. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.
A Last Vintage: Essays and Papers. By George Saintsbury. Methuen. 15s.



STORM JAMESON.

(Elliott & Fry.)

them to do so. With the exception of a small minority of newspapers, emphasis is on the bad, and I have heard more than one able Fleet Street journalist remark that bad news *is* good news for his own paper. The influence of the popular Press may not be large, but it is pervasive. For 30 years, now, there has been a steady decline in the standards of good taste in Great Britain. Among certain newspaper owners there has been a lamentable deterioration in the responsible conduct of their journals. Sensationalism has been increasingly rife since the first world war, reports of crime and horror, even in these days of minute newspapers, sprawl over many columns of a six-page issue. And some of these papers, with their gloating preoccupation with horrid things, have the widest circulations and are most widely read by adolescents.

Can this be said to account in any way for the extraordinary wave of self-pity which all but submerged some of the talented writers of the 'thirties? Miss Jameson thinks that they took refuge in Communism because "it was the outward and visible sign of a spiritual discomfort ('metaphysical

"Courage and the Writer"

distress'), a feeling of guilt before the poor, emotionally akin to that which drove Tolstoy into trying to rid himself of his possessions and live like a peasant, and which in every generation drives the generous-minded or the thin-skinned among the comfortable classes to want to give practical and political effect to their hatred of social injustice and the misery inflicted by poverty."

It is a fact that no artist with a strong control over his medium can be affected, except very rarely indeed, by self-pity. If he has no faith, no rule or discipline of life, no standard of taste, he cannot hope to succeed. And he must add to these things courage, vision, and an individual approach.

Miss Jameson ends her essay on *The Writer's Situation* with a proposition, which I print without comment :

"I propose a way to test the value of the writers of our day. Not a test to find out whether a writer is clever or stupid, not even whether he is honest or dishonest, brave or cowardly. No—what we should ask the writer is only this. Is he able to tell us about the destiny of man, our destiny, in such a way that we have the courage to live it, and gaily? If not, then he may be a very clever writer, he may even be honest, but he is not a great writer—not for us."

How much I should like to have heard George Saintsbury discuss that! In *A Last Vintage*, a final volume of his essays, papers, and "scraps," edited by John W. Oliver, Arthur Melville Clark and Augustus Muir, with personal portraits by David Nichol Smith, Dorothy Margaret Stuart and Helen Waddell, Professor Nichol Smith says: "We honour him because of his enjoyment of what is good, his zest in the discovery of what is good, his independence in proclaiming what he believes to be good, or not so good." Saintsbury once said that he had never given

"Courage and the Writer"

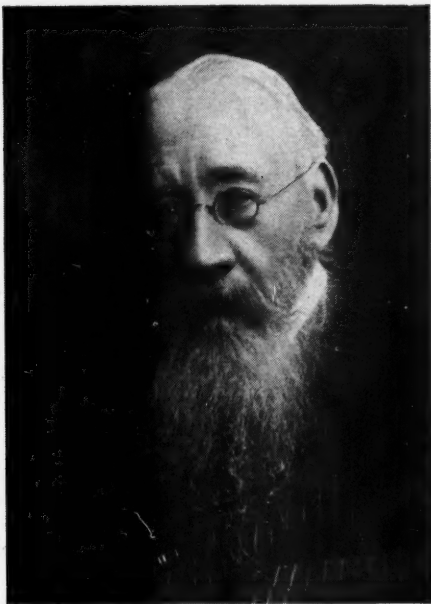
a second-hand opinion of any thing, or book, or person.

Unless he had possessed the ability to think honestly for himself, and fine standards to guide him, he could not have done these things. In other words he *had* the courage to write about things and people in such a way that he invites us to have a courage of our own.

As he walked jauntily along Milsom Street, Bath, towards the end of his long life, he was the embodiment of the courage, which he, unconsciously, preached. Skull-capped, moving alertly about his book-lined rooms in Royal Crescent, he seemed the archetype of the warrior-scholar.

It was not by chance that Saintsbury selected John Donne as his favourite poet. As Helen Waddell rightly points out, there was a similarity between the careers of the two men: "Both were of high pride and in their youth of towering ambition, and both were checked and frustrated of what they had judged to be their vocation, courtly diplomacy for one, 'Academe' at Oxford for the other. Both were denied security and reputation through the best years of their manhood, and found in place of them a passion and mastery and exultancy in living that glows to the last twilight of their day: and in the end, when they had come to their strength without it, they had honour in all men's mouths."

It seems incredible that Saintsbury should have tried five times to obtain a Fellowship, but this is so. For years he was a free-lance journalist, and he was 50 before he accepted the Regius Chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Edinburgh. He did not whine and repine because of his years in the wilderness. It spurred him on to fresh effort. His output was tremendous, and during the 20 years' tenure of his professorship, in addition to his heavy



PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

(Elliott & Fry.)

programme of lectures, he wrote, among other things, his *Short History of English Literature*, the *History of Prosody*, the *History of English Prose Rhythm*, *The Peace of the Augustans*—by many considered to be his best work—and his *History of the French Novel*, which he finished in Bath. At Bath, too, he compiled his famous *Cellar Book*, and the three delightful *Scrap Books*.

The best of Saintsbury's writing reads like first-class talk, and therefore the editors of *A Last Vintage* were happily inspired to include *A Saintsbury Scrapbook* in it. Here, among many other things, are pieces on Wigs, Education, Proust, Norman Douglas, and the Cellar of the Queen's Doll's House. The opening of *Victor Hugo and Old Books* is typical of the author's discursive method—the approach to literature through life, and to my mind that is always the ideal method:

"The only time that I ever 'saw Hugo plain' was at a shop in Guernsey where you could buy new and second-hand furniture, second-hand things of most other kinds, and some wine that

was neither second-hand nor second-rate, including a certain sparkling white Burgundy, which the Prussians must have drunk dry, for we never could get it after the war. The great Victor was sufficiently recognisable even if the daughter of the shop (who, by the way, was a very pretty girl) had not, with obliging officiousness, whispered his name. He marched, I remember, up to her father and ejaculated, 'Ah ! M. — je viens chercher des *books*, des vieux *books*,' giving the *ks* a clearness very creditable in a Frenchman, but, of course, pronouncing the *oo* as no Englishman ever would."

Then Saintsbury goes on to comment on Hugo's request for *old books*, because Saintsbury, it seems, has found that in the current year's publishing lists, the three books that have charmed

him most are by or about old authors.

It seems fitting that Saintsbury was a High Tory and a High Churchman, a great humanist and the most prolific reader and scholar of his day. His standards were high too, and that is why I should like to hear his comments on Miss Storm Jameson's proposition. You may remember that she proposed to test the value of the writers of our day. "Not a test to find out whether a writer is clever or stupid, not even whether he is honest or dishonest, brave or cowardly."

Yes, I should very much like to hear what George Saintsbury would have had to say about that, and I should like to read the letter that he might have written to the *Sunday Times* about young Mr. Ludovic Kennedy's thoughtful article.

ERIC GILLET.

THE ELIZABETHAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND

By A. L. ROWSE

ALL too many historical works nowadays—and for that matter books of all sorts—come out covering the same subjects, adding nothing to our knowledge and with nothing new to justify their appearance. Not so with Professor Cyril Falls's new book.* He has chosen to fill a notorious gap in our knowledge of the Elizabethan Age—and a difficult one.

* *Elizabeth's Irish Wars*. By Cyril Falls. Methuen. 25s.

It needed a skilled military historian to do it. For lack of it the Irish field of conflict has not been properly appreciated, nor its significance understood. Yet it was an important one, and at moments critical: especially in Elizabeth's last years, with Tyrone's rebellion, to which Professor Falls devotes half of his book. That phase of the struggle has a certain dramatic unity, given partly by the personality of Tyrone, by far the outstanding leader of the Irish

THE ELIZABETHAN CONQUEST OF IRELAND

resistance. Now Professor Falls, himself an Ulsterman, tells us the whole story of the conflict on the military side, fully and admirably; he is not wanting in sympathy for either party to the conflict.

To understand it one has to see the whole thing in terms of high political strategy, in the context of the European struggle between Counter-Reformation and Northern Protestantism. Professor Falls sees that as between England and Ireland it was a conflict between two civilisations; and "a strong antipathy existed between the two cultures because there was scarcely a point of contact between their traditions, their ideals, their art, their jurisprudence or their social life." Without some understanding of this, the story becomes—what I fear it is to the ordinary educated reader of history—nothing but the battles of kites and crows, which was all that Gibbon saw in the Anglo-Saxon Heptarchy.

There is indeed a good deal of the Heptarchy in Elizabethan Ireland. The picture is a complex one. There was the Pale, narrowly contracted to a strip around Dublin at the outset of Tudor rule. There were the great Anglo-Irish nobles who, with the exception of the Kildares and the Ormondes—and they were in enmity, of course—had become almost completely Gaelicised. There was Gaelic Ireland proper—nine-tenths of the country. There were the seaport towns, English in sympathy, or at least Anglicising, and more or less under English control. There were the Scottish mercenaries of two classes, both Highland Celts, who played a large part in the tribal warfare that was the endemic occupation of Irish society: the gallowglass who had settled into the country, and the later Redshanks who came over for the season's fighting from the Western Isles and went back again. Lastly, there were the priests,

increasingly in touch with Rome and Spain, emissaries of the Counter-Reformation.

Now the extraordinary thing about Gaelic Ireland was that it was not a medieval society, but a pre-medieval society. It was a part of that Celtic perimeter of the world which the new Renaissance states were inevitably pressing upon, as they grew more efficient and their power expanded. The French Crown had annexed Brittany. The Scottish monarchy, from Edinburgh, was impinging on the Highlands. The Tudors reorganised Wales and made a success of it; they absorbed Cornwall into the English state, after two bloody protests in 1497 and 1549. It was inconceivable that this pre-medieval society should remain on the doorstep of the Tudor state—the most efficient and vigorous in Europe—unaffected, uninterfered with, left to itself and to its own vices. There is something inevitable, almost impersonal, in the clash. In addition, as the struggle with Spain developed, Ireland became involved in it: it was a crucial matter that it should not be occupied by a foreign power. Since there was always resistance of some kind in touch with foreign powers, first the Kildares, then the Desmonds, then the O'Neills, it became necessary to subjugate the country.

It was precisely that, it is apt to be forgotten, that the Elizabethans achieved. It was accomplished, dramatically at the end, at the very moment of the Queen's death, Professor Falls reminds us, and he quotes a contemporary: "In her deep and declining age [she] did seal up the rest of all her worthy acts with this accomplishment, as if she had thought that her task would be unfinished, and tomb unfurnished, if there could not be deservedly engraven thereon *Pacata Hibernia*." He pays generous tribute

to the leaders and men who brought about this remarkable achievement in the field—for it was done with the minimum forces. The average force that a Lord Deputy had at his command was something between 1,000 and 2,000 men ; at a time when the Irish chiefs could raise 20,000 or 30,000 kerne and gallowglass. " The astonishing thing is how excellent the English soldier was under competent leadership, how brave and enduring, how ready to take on the enemy, Irish, Scot or even Spaniard, at long odds, how regularly he was successful, what a mere handful of English troops normally sufficed to hold down a turbulent country where there was always some disaffection, frequent rebellion, and most men went armed." That is an aspect of the story little appreciated in our history books. Naturally the documents, the state papers, the correspondence are more filled with complaints, lamentations, grievances, demands, reproaches. It is a tribute to the English soldiery all the more handsome coming from an Irishman—but the Irish are nothing if not generous.

Then, too, there was the extraordinary difficulty of the warfare in Ireland—guerilla fighting in a hostile country, in an ill-climate full of disease and every discouragement ; where there was not much honour to be won, and every opportunity for dishonour. It was the grave of the reputation of the

brilliant Essex and of his father ; three of the famous Norris brothers, the best English soldiers of the age, died there ; others only less famous, like the Marshal, Sir Henry Bagenal, were killed ; thousands without a name, on both sides, perished there. At the end of it all Ireland was subjugated and disarmed, could have gone forward to peace and progress on the lines of a modern state : there would have been no relapse in 1641-1689 if it had not been for our odious Civil War.

Professor Falls brings out other points that have not been realised or at any rate emphasised before. He pays tribute to the ability of the viceroys the Queen sent over, often men of high military capacity, ending with Mountjoy, who " may perhaps be ranked as the greatest English soldier of the period." In addition there were the professional commanders, Norrises, Bagenals, Bingham, Pelhams, Carews. Certainly Elizabethan England sent its ablest men to Ireland—as befitted its importance and the difficulty of the task. But all would have been of no avail if it had not been for the long-term political strategy, the consistent pressure of Tudor government. The moral of it all is the irresistible power of an efficient modern state confronted with the débris of antique Celtic society.

A. L. ROWSE.

A VICTORIAN SAINT

By IVO GEIKIE-COBB

IN the Prelude to *Middlemarch* George Eliot, dealing with the character of Saint Theresa, the Spanish mystic, describes the driving force of her actions in these words:

. . . Theresa's passionate, ideal nature demanded an epic life: what were many volumed romances of chivalry and the social conquests of a brilliant girl to her? Her flame quickly burned up that light fuel: and, fed from within, soared after some illimitable satisfaction, some object which would never justify weariness, which would reconcile self-despair with the rapturous consciousness of life beyond self. . . .

The character of this great Castilian aristocrat—an able organiser, a reformer of abuses and a power in the Counter-Reformation—bears a striking resemblance to that of Florence Nightingale. Sir Edward Cook placed George Eliot's words at the head of Chapter 2 of the first book of his two-volume *Life*. It was a happy choice, for Florence Nightingale's complex character combined many of the qualities of the Spanish reformer. She early showed her discontent with the idle life of the well-to-do, and fought hard to be allowed to leave her luxurious homes and spend her time helping her less fortunate fellows. Saint Theresa also gave up a life of ease—in her case to reform the abuses of the Carmelite convent. Again, like Theresa, Florence had day-dreams; she fell into trances, and fretted because she was thwarted in the work—whatever this should eventually turn out to be—which she felt God wished her to do.

Florence Nightingale and her sister were brought up in luxury, spending part of the year at Embley Park in

Hampshire, the summer months at Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and sometimes a few weeks in London. Her father who, on inheriting a fortune left him by an uncle, had changed his name from Shore to Nightingale, "went up to Cambridge with an income of between seven and eight thousand a year." He married Fanny Smith, the daughter of a rich man who "devoted his wealth to collecting pictures and fighting lost causes." The young couple soon had two daughters, Parthenope, born at Naples, and christened by the Greek name for Naples, and Florence, born at, and named after, that city.

Florence inherited from both Father and Mother a strong religious outlook on life and conduct, and her environment, luxurious as it was, was unable to conquer this deep-seated instinct. In all the important decisions of her life she felt that she was being guided by God. Looking back on her early life she wrote that on February 7, 1837, "God called her to service." During her visit to Cairo she entered this in her diary: "Oh God, thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful; I offer it to thee. Do with it what is for thy service."

The long and eventually successful struggle to free herself from the awful possessiveness of her mother and sister is amply shown in her letters and notes, many of which are printed for the first time in this book. Her strong likes and dislikes are illustrated by an amusing letter she wrote at the age of 10, which ends with the words ". . . my love to all of them, except Miss W. . . ."

Her parents lived as other wealthy people did in those comfortable years, and Florence was expected to con-



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, 1859. From the bust by Sir John Steell.

form to the usual routine and marry. Hers was not a personality run from a standard mould and one to fit in with her environment. Yet she realised the strength of the second strongest instinct, and on one occasion nearly allowed it to determine her future. She had already put aside the attractions of fashionable society. Now, as Lytton Strachey says, "the last ordeal appeared in the shape of a desirable young man." Florence, however, like Theresa, possessed an even stronger urge, a temperamental, passionate desire to right wrongs, to help those in need, and to put her time to a useful purpose. And to drift from dinner party to dance, from a continental tour to a country house, was not her idea of a useful life.

In writing a full and fascinating account of Florence Nightingale,* Mrs. Woodham-Smith has had the advantage of access to material not available to Sir Edward Cook, whose *Life* has hitherto been the standard work. Surely, this

* *Florence Nightingale*. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. Constable. 15s.

"A Victorian Saint"

carefully documented book will become the recognised authority. For there is no aspect of Florence Nightingale's character and life which is not clearly shown in this book, by her own letters and memoranda, supported by the framework of the text.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith indicates clearly the horror with which her mother and sister viewed Florence's wish to nurse. The idea of Florence entering a hospital where she would meet the drunken and immoral women who then constituted the nursing "profession" terrified her family. Why could she not be content to marry one of her suitors and settle down to live the life of her class? But she persevered, and the long and courageous fight is described fully in the book under review.

Florence visited Paris in 1838 and there made the acquaintance of a remarkable woman, Miss Mary Clarke. "Clarkey" was to become one of her staunchest friends and admirers and to help her with much advice in her fight for independence.

On another continental tour she visited Kaiserswerth, a pioneer institution which then owned a hospital with a hundred beds, an orphan asylum, and a school for training school-mistresses. Here, Florence undertook no actual nursing duties, but her visit strengthened her craving to nurse. Before her first professional post she had to be content with caring for the poor of the village near Lea Hurst. None of her family approved of this; her mother thought it undignified, her sister Parthenope (Pop) railed at Florence's activities, while her Father "hated dirt, disease and ugliness."

Fortunately for her, she met Sidney Herbert and his wife and Charles and Selina Bracebridge. All these were to be real friends and helpers in her struggle against social snobbery. Her opportunity to put into practice her

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burning desire to nurse came in 1853 when, on August 12, she took up her post of Superintendent of the Institution for the care of Sick Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances. This "Sanitarium for Sick Governesses run by a Committee of Fine Ladies," as Miss Nightingale described it, was situated in Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, but was to be reorganised and moved to new premises. A house was found in what was then No. 1 Upper Harley Street. Lady Canning was the Chairman and Mrs. Herbert suggested that Florence should be appointed Superintendent. Mrs. Woodham-Smith thus describes Florence's reaction to her new work:

... She intended the separation from her family to be final, and before she went to Paris she had decided to take a post when her training was completed; her friends were in her confidence, and were looking for work which might suit her. Early in April 1853 Liz Herbert wrote that through Lady Canning she had heard of what might prove a suitable opening. The Institution ... had got itself into difficulties. It was to be reorganised and moved from its present premises in Chandos Street. The Committee of which Lady Canning was chairman, were looking for a Superintendent to undertake the reorganisation. Liz Herbert suggested Florence, and Lady Canning, after consulting her committee, wrote describing the post, and its requirements. On April 8th Miss Nightingale wrote to "Clarkey" "... It is no use my telling you the history of the negotiations which are enough to make a comedy in 50 acts. ... My people are now at 30 Old Burlington Street, where I shall be in another week. Please write to them there and if you can do a little quacking for me to them, the same will be thankfully received, in order that I may come in, when I arrive, not with my tail between my legs but gracefully curved round me, in the old way which Perugino's devil wears it, in folds round

my waist. I am afraid I must live at the place. If I don't, it will be a half and half measure which will satisfy no one. ..."

Clarkey advised her to be sure to "trample on the Committee and ride the Fashionable Asses rough shod round Grosvenor Square ..."

Florence was 33 when she entered on her new duties; and her strength of character was shown by her determination to fight sectarianism. The Committee "refused me to take in *Catholic* patients, whereupon I wished them good-morning, unless I might take in Jews and their Rabbis to attend them." She had her way then, as she was to have it afterwards when she was put in charge of the nurses who went to the aid of the sick and wounded in Turkey.

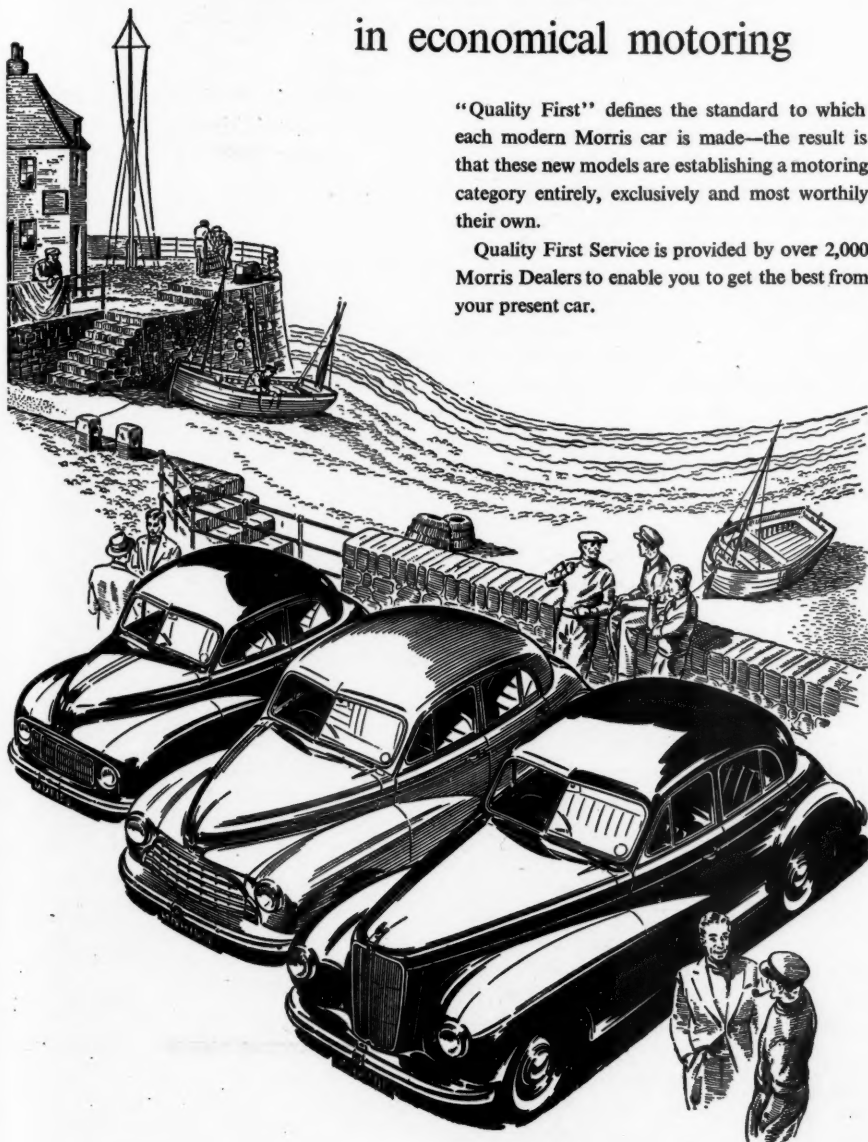
In 1854 the Crimean War broke out. The despatches of the Special Correspondent of *The Times* aroused public opinion to the shameful provision made for the care of the wounded. Sidney Herbert, now once again Secretary for War, invited Florence to go to the Crimea and organise the nursing of the wounded. She accepted with alacrity and, on October 21, 1854, set out for Scutari as Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment in the English General Hospitals in Turkey.

Here she had full scope for her energies. The state of the buildings for the reception of the patients was lamentable, supplies of medicines and dressings were totally inadequate and, worst of all, the sanitary arrangements were unspeakably horrible. There were no anæsthetics, no splints and no morphia. Florence took matters into her own hands and "cut red tape." When the Purveyor failed to provide equipment for the wards, Florence bought what was needed, much to the annoyance of the regular staff. Supplies which were unobtainable through the official

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channels she paid for out of her own purse.

Her work as organiser and superintendent of the nursing staff is described in great detail in Mrs. Woodham-Smith's book; and to read of the difficulties she encountered and overcame, of the friction between herself and those who resented her presence, and the support she received from the Government, is to realise how her character was moulded and altered by all she saw and suffered during those terrible years. Indeed, she was ever afterwards haunted by the agonies she had witnessed, and never quite succeeded in relegating these memories to the long-forgotten past. But whatever the authorities may have thought of her activities the country appreciated to the full her services. She came back from Scutari a national heroine, applauded by the public and thanked by her Queen.

The return to England found her physically exhausted. She took to her bed, but her mind would not—could not—rest. The Army Medical Department must be entirely reorganised. Her study of blue-books and government statistics carried out in bed between bouts of palpitations and faintness showed her that the mortality in barracks far exceeded that among civilians. How could she rest until the inefficiency and futile organisation had been rectified? Supported by powerful helpers, among them the Queen and the Prince Consort, she fought for and obtained a Royal Commission to report on the health of the Army. A long struggle followed, but in the end she again had her way. At last the Army Medical Department was completely reorganised: the leisure of the soldier was catered for by the provision of workshops, gymnasiums and reading rooms. Thanks entirely to Florence Nightingale and those who

helped her, the British Soldier was no longer to be regarded as "the scum of the earth enlisted for drink."

This battle won, others immediately presented themselves. There was India—its pitiable lack of sanitation and the unhealthy conditions in which the British troops lived. The death-rate of the British Army in India was 69 per 1,000; and this was due not to the climate but to the neglect of elementary hygiene. Water was polluted, drainage was either absent or extremely dangerous owing to faulty construction, and overcrowding in barracks was rife. "If the facilities for washing were as great as those for drink, our Indian army would be the cleanest body of men in the world," she wrote. She read reports, studied statistics, and wrote innumerable memoranda. In spite of the expert knowledge which she passed on to higher authority, she fought an uphill struggle against officialdom. Nothing seemed to get done. Interminable delays met her at every turn. A sense of frustration haunted her at her failure to influence official opinion; and not even the comfort afforded her by her friendship with Jowett—a comfort often accompanied by astringent advice—succeeded in overcoming her sense of failure. In addition to the worry of the Indian Sanitary Report, death began to rob her of her friends and relatives. At this period of her life she became embittered, hard and critical, an emotional state for which her wretched health was partly responsible. But no disappointment, no rebuff, could check her zeal for reform. She tackled the abuses which existed in workhouses and workhouse infirmaries, and pressed for legislation. Her indomitable will is shown by the fact that, when she decided that the Poor Law Board would never act, she approached Lord Palmerston over its head. She drafted a scheme for reform and after many



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delays and disappointments the Metropolitan Poor Law Act became law.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith paints an unforgettable picture of the world-wide reverence in which Florence Nightingale was held. Soldiers in the wards at Scutari might kiss the shadow of the Lady of the Lamp, old soldiers might kiss her carriage when it was placed on exhibition: but more than these evidences of emotion she valued the respect which her views on current problems had earned. Her opinion on nursing, on hospital administration, and on the health of Armies, was recognised as the best which could be obtained. In 1870, when the Franco-German war had begun, she was urged to leave her work and help in the task of ministering to the wounded. The British Red Cross Society was founded in London,

and, although she declined to take official charge, she largely directed its activities.

As the years passed, the influence Florence had wielded gradually diminished. For one reason, many of the statesmen she had known personally had died, and others—some of them out of sympathy with her views—had taken their places. Then she was getting old and tired. Family afflictions came thick and fast. Her father died, and her mother became bed-ridden. Then her sister, the wife of Sir Harry Verney, died. But her interest in nursing continued: she championed the district nurse, but opposed a nurses register, maintaining that the time for such a step was not yet and that an examination took no account of character—(how true this is recognised to be to-day!). She herself, by her untiring efforts and strength of will, had raised nursing from its disreputable standing to an honoured calling, into which any woman of whatever class could safely enter. And, in the evening of her life, before first blindness, then extinction of her mental powers had overtaken her, she was able to look back on her life's achievements with a serenity which had formerly been lacking.

The thin body had been accompanied by restlessness and impatience of contradiction. Later Florence altered physically. She became quite fat and her changed physique was accompanied by a composure which rendered the last few years of her life in many ways the happiest.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith is to be congratulated on a remarkable achievement. Her book is interesting throughout, and it is a testimonial to her power of narration that not even the frequent intrusion of Florence Nightingale's letters and memoranda succeeds in holding up the story she has to tell.

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"Her only memorial is a small cross on which are the words 'F.N. Born 1820. Died 1910.' She had lived ninety years and three months."

IVO GEIKIE-COBB.

ON RE-READING
MATTHEW ARNOLD

MATTHEW ARNOLD. Edited by C. B. Tinker and H. F. Lowry. New and complete edition. Oxford edition of standard works. *Oxford University Press.* 8s. 6d.

IT is often a faintly humiliating experience to re-read the poetry which one adored in one's youth. I recently re-read *A Shropshire Lad*. Nothing was left of the old magic, but Matthew Arnold's poetry satisfies, for me at least, Newman's test of the enduring things in the classics. The lines "born of some chance morning at an Ionian festival" which come home to a man "when he has had experience of life and pierce him with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness." Matthew Arnold was a product of that Græco-Roman-Christian culture which is becoming increasingly unintelligible to earnest students of Economics for whom history begins with the Industrial Revolution, or again to those for whom no home is complete without a refrigerator and a television set, and no home incomplete which lacks a Homer or a Virgil. I remember gazing disconsolately from the windows of a hotel in a middle-west town which might have served as a model for Sinclair Lewis' *Zenith*. Facing me was a formless shack whose function was indicated by the word EATS in large lettering, and suddenly some half-forgotten lines from Matthew Arnold evoked by a welcome chain of dissociations a healing vision of a lovelier world

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"Matthew Arnold"

Far, far from here
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay
Among the green Illyrian hills; and there
The sunshine in the happy glens is fair,
And by the sea, and in the brakes.
The grass is cool, the sea-side air
Buoyant and fresh, the mountain flowers
More virginal and sweet than ours.

To re-read the poems which Matthew Arnold wrote in Switzerland is to be reminded of the Switzerland which still lives for us in Lory's aquatints, the Switzerland which had not been infected by the Industrial Revolution. The Lausanne which Arnold knew was still Gibbon's Lausanne. To-day hardly a vestige of old Lausanne remains and very little of old Vevey, but the mountains are as lovely as in Arnold's days, and as a tribute to their matchless beauty there are no modern poems which can bear comparison with the quatrains with which Arnold brings *Obermann Once More* to a perfect close

And the domed Velan, with his snows,
Behind the upcrowding hills,
Doth all the heavenly opening close
Which the Rhone's murmur fills;—

And glorious there, without a sound
Across the glimmering lake,
High in the Valais-depth profound,
I saw the morning break.

It was in Switzerland that Arnold met "Marguerite." It is difficult to understand how anybody could read some of the most poignant love poems in the English language and yet maintain as the Arnold family persistently maintained that Marguerite was a figment of the poet's imagination. This pious myth received its quietus when Arnold's letters to Clough were published, in one of which he tells Clough that he was crossing the Gemmi to Thun where he proposed "to linger at the hotel Bellevue for the sake of the blue eyes of one of its inmates."

Miss Isobel Macdonald has reconstructed this romance in her book *The Buried Self*, one of the rare examples in literature of complete success in one of the

"Matthew Arnold"

most treacherous of art forms, fictionalised biography.

Arnold's regrets for a faith he could no longer accept were satirised by Clough in the lines

"We've got no faith. We don't know what to do

To think one can't believe a creed because it isn't true."

He was repelled by the substance of Catholicism, its dogma, and attracted by its accidents. "Catholicism's real superiority," he wrote, "is in its charm for the imagination—its poetry." The modern world no longer believes, as Matthew Arnold believed, that the Catholic Church is a picturesque survival from the Middle Ages, fighting her last rearguard action against science and Biblical criticism. The modern tendency is rather to exaggerate the Catholic revival, and to over-estimate the political importance of the Church. And for this reason Arnold's beautiful and moving *Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse* have a certain period charm, for Arnold was genuinely convinced that these Carthusians were

"Last of the people who believe!"

And yet though

"rigorous teachers seized my youth
And purged its faith."

His instinctive if not his intellectual sympathies are with these "cowled forms in gleaming white."

"Not as their friend, or child I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone
For both were faiths and both are gone."

This new edition contains every poem Arnold wrote and all alternative renderings in footnotes. Its scholarship and format are all that we have learned to demand from the publications of the Oxford University Press.

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TWO COUNTIES

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DEVONSHIRE. D. St. Leger-Gordon. *Robert Hale*. 15s.

DEVONSHIRE and *Suffolk* are the two latest additions to Robert Hale's series of County Books, which set out to be companions rather than topographical guides. Nowadays there is a reaction from the painstaking Baedeker, with his measurements of churches, rules about tipping (half a franc is quite sufficient) and his warning not to descend the Brenner without first tying a faggot behind your carriage. I like the detailed guide book with its beautiful use of symbolism—stars, spanners, and crossed knives and forks—but clearly there is a need for something less cut-and-dried. The County Books satisfy this need. They do not tell you the length of the nave or where you can

get your car mended, for they are meant only to impart the spirit of the place. Luckily they are too big to put in your pocket: they must be read at home and at leisure, without too much use of the index.

Among guide books of this sort, Mr. Addison's *Suffolk* is a masterpiece. To start with, he himself is a wonderful companion, humorous, unhurried, understanding, half poetic, minutely observant. He does not daze you with information, but wanders into the county from his native Essex, leaning on bridges, talking to postmen, and pointing out that yellow waterlilies smell of brandy. He reads by the fire of autumn inns, and he writes magnificent English. But he is not always a quiet companion: sometimes, like a sly don, he fires off a resounding generalisation, clearly hoping that you will protest indignantly. Particular Baptists seem to flourish more on the heavy soils, "while the sudden conversions of various forms of Methodism have been more frequent on the sands and gravels" he quotes; and on another occasion, when he thinks you are not listening, he says that men from mountainous regions tend to be conceited. He has a pleasant medieval delight in the wonderful, a huge store of fascinating, useless information, and a large fund of anecdote—nor does he suppress a story just because it is not true. Statistics, the Ancient Britons and descriptions of the larger towns are only dragged in when absolutely necessary, and then with infinite skill. For the most part fairies, abuse of Suffolk cheese, beautiful place names, and sketches of Suffolk worthies fill the book—in reviewing which it has been impossible not to review Mr. Addison himself—and one is left with the feeling that he thoroughly comprehends and relishes this county.

It is sad to leave Mr. Addison and Suffolk for Devon. Devon is a difficult subject. Her history is a pageant—we are warned about this on the inside front cover—and no pageant comes off without accident. But Mr. St. Leger-Gordon attacks his beautiful county with a scaling ladder. There are chapters on Prehistory,

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Geology, Thoroughfares in General, Thoroughfares in Particular: he splits the county up so that I at any rate cannot put it together again. In addition, he writes in a style not often met with to-day, when he mentions the "*pomme de terre*", which is particularly comforting to the cervine palate" (stags eat potatoes), or "War's stern arms embraced the Queen of the West" (Exeter was captured). Those are far-fetched metaphors which should have been far flung. It is an obviously competent book, full of information: but you cannot write a company prospectus in a style of sustained rhapsody, and anyway that is not what the County Books set out to do.

JOHN SMITH.

AN AUSTRALIAN IN SINGAPORE

THIS WAS SINGAPORE. R. C. H. McKie.
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THE author of this book is an Australian and for two years just before the Japanese invasion was a newspaperman in an editorial room on the edge of Singapore's Chinatown. In spite of "air like heated honey" he has contrived to write a graphic, if superficial, description of the more squalid side of the "nail on the big toe of Asia." Partly because his acquaintance with Malaya was brief, his detail is not always accurate. And a contributory cause for deviation from fact is the proneness of the journalist to become intoxicated with his own virtuosity and the employment of a style expressionist in its excitement, violence and passion for mouths like gashes, excreta, brothels, levitation and yogism. He lets off adjectives like squibs and his sentences are strident as a brass-band. With such a topic, he may argue, why not? Rich Singapore Chinese will hire a brass band to enliven a funeral procession with the strains of "Waltz me round again, Willie." And the indiscriminate din of a great international port has drowned the thin refined flutings of Chinese civilisation.

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

One other failing the author has in common with the people he prefers to describe. When for a moment he rests his adjectives and reflects, his views are trite and insular. Fortunately he is not disposed to moralise often and, instead, offers pictures "tuppence coloured" of Chinese cabarets, a proto-Malay diver for coins, the colossal prehistorian Van Stein Callenfels, fire-walking and the "Perùmal Temple, which looks like the bottom-tier of a wedding-cake."

R. O. WINSTEDT.

LASKI'S LAST LECTURES

TRADE UNIONS IN THE NEW SOCIETY.

Laski. *Allen and Unwin*. 10s.

PROFESSOR LASKI died fighting in the class war. In these last lectures written to stir American trade unions into political activity "the view that in a general way there is a harmony of interests between employers and employed" is condemned as "obsolete"—as a "pro-

paganda device." The Mond-Turner agreement, the first great attempt to heal the industrial sores of the twenties is dubbed a "quasi-alliance with capitalism"—something of which American unions must beware. They are urged instead not to remain a mere pressure group but to form a new party to control the state, which otherwise will intervene against them whenever it feels its own security threatened.

Yet what happens when trade unions having carried their party to power, find the government one of the employers against whom their hatred was directed? Of the things that might then make unions and a socialist government strange bedfellows Laski has all too little to say. He declares in a curious recognition of the thesis of Belloc's *Servile State* that so far England has only moved from private to state capitalism, so that there is not yet equality of opportunity and the old hatreds can still be fostered.

Feelings of frustration and bitterness once aroused cannot easily be halted. Communists are quick to take advantage of them to foment strikes, which a Socialist government might feel it necessary to suppress. The chapter headed "Trade Unions and the Law" (of which the best that can be said is that it has little to do with the subject), asserts that the law will always aid the state to crush a strike. But there is good authority for the view that strikes *per se*, irrespective of restraint and violence, have never been illegal at common law, whilst the Emergency Powers Act of 1920 contains an express proviso that they cannot be declared so under that Act. However, as Dr. Mannheim, a jurist of Laski's school, in a book dedicated to him writes (referring to the legality of strikes): "In a planned society things may be different. . . . If the state becomes the employer the whole question may be said to be transferred from one of social justice into one of mere expediency." Perhaps in the long run, despite Professor Laski, the unions may have less to fear from the Common Law than from Socialist statutes.

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Novels

IRON IN THE SOUL. John Paul Sartre, translated by Gerard Hopkins. *Hamish Hamilton*. 12s. 6d.

ACROSS THE RIVER AND UNDER THE TREES. Ernest Hemingway. *Cape*. 9s. 6d.

QUORUM. Phyllis Bentley. *Gollancz*. 10s. 6d.

MY OLD MAN'S BADGE. Ferguson Findley. *Reinhardt and Evans*. 8s. 6d.

WHATEVER reservations the reader might have made after the first two volumes of the Sartre tetralogy, there can be no doubt of the quality and importance of *Iron in the Soul*, translated by Gerard Hopkins with that uncanny felicity of his. Sartre here discards all the mannerisms which made the earlier books difficult reading and he admits for the first time the element of pity. There are several scenes in this book which have an impressionistic quality which brings them up visibly before the reader together with a reflective content which takes deep hold upon the mind. There is the description of the Spanish painter Gomez, his ebullient masculinity degraded to the status of a shabby little dago, passing through the careless New York crowds on the day when the Germans entered Paris, while Sarah his wife, with their son, fights her way out of France, trying to retain her humanity among the hurtling crowds on the road. There is the homosexual Daniel, prowling through the shuttered streets of Paris for a victim, and feeling, in the approach of the Germans, the exaltation of a consummated pact with evil. There is Mathieu, the chief character of the earlier books, sniping on a roof-top and absolving, in this final decision, all the decisions he had failed to make. Transcending even these separate episodes is the general picture of the French army in retreat. These wretched demoralised soldiers, trained to no discipline, admitting no creed, unaccustomed to thinking about anything but their own appetites and interests, are portrayed with a horrifying realism which yet just stops short of brutality. Sartre does not see them as God's creatures, but he does see them as men; and through the general chaos, men make efforts—heroic, villainous or ludicrous—to assert their integrity. Old



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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

soldiers exhort the weaklings; priests try to recall the forgotten lessons of Christian doctrine; a harsh lay missionary, Brunet the Communist, seeks also for one or two just men to form a cell from which a new world may germinate. This book has something of the quality of history in that it shows the influence of human thought and action upon human destiny; the disaster, for Sartre, is not accidental. In the realm of art it seems to me to have performed the necessary transmutation; for the first time since the beginning of the tetralogy the reader may speculate seriously whether this may not be the *War and Peace* of our time; the book which the 1914-18 war failed to produce.

Writing these strong words, one remembers ruefully the day when, twenty-five years ago, *A Farewell to Arms* seemed, to many intelligent readers, to say something of importance. That it in fact said nothing at all is now obvious to anybody who reads *Across the River and Under the Trees*. So much depreciation has been poured on this novel that I feel I must say that I doubt whether it is any worse than the others. Hemingway's dialogue has become the universal idiom of novels and films; his dumb ox hero has thousands of stereotypes, the tough-mush love passages which he inaugurated have echoed all round the world. Now that he no longer has any originality of method, the fact that he never had anything to say is brutally disclosed. He still has his own particular gifts; there are some superb descriptive passages in this novel, but not enough to compensate for pages of maundering dialogue between the hero and his last love. The irritation aroused by Richard Cantrell, the disgruntled American colonel, is at least evidence of his vitality; he is real but not interesting. He is in fact the typical hotel bar bore. This is the fate of the Hemingway hero, and a glimmering of the truth would have made this book a genuine tragedy instead of a pitiable exposure.

I could wish that Miss Phyllis Bentley had not chosen the "assembly line" technique for her new novel, *Quorum*, because half a dozen dovetailing plotlets

are no substitute for a plot. But she is writing about a Yorkshire pageant committee in a small West Riding town and her mastery of this setting silences criticism. In Thomas Armitage, chairman of the committee, she has drawn an admirable portrait of the old-fashioned benevolent liberal employer, bewildered by a younger generation which is indifferent to principle and scornful of honest endeavour. In the same way Councillor Foster Ormerod, a Labour stalwart from the bad old days of "half-timers," is nonplussed by the unco-operative asperity of the young Communist, Gamaliel Greenwood. Miss Bentley is perhaps a little too ready with fashionable explanations; Greenwood's harshness is traced to his illegitimacy and Elizabeth Marrison's bitchiness to the fact that she was an adopted child. But the observation is shrewd and fair and, if the book does not strike deeply, it is intensely readable and weaves together very cleverly a number of threads in English contemporary life.

If you are interrupted in the reading of *My Old Man's Badge* you will be very annoyed, for this thriller has exceptional pace and its background, the hide-outs of the real criminal element of New York, is entirely convincing and as devoid of false glamour as the settings of Simenon. The scene and handling of the book are, in fact, so good that they conceal the conventional characterisation—the virtuous Irish-American detective who is put "on the spot" by the gangster who shot his father, the nice pure Irish girl and so on). I guessed the identity of the chief villain early on, but I followed the hunt through slum streets and cafés, the flats of third-rate cabaret singers, hospital wards and police stations, and dark wharves by Brooklyn bridge, with unabated interest to the satisfactory end. RUBY MILLAR.

AT COVENT GARDEN

ON Monday, August 28, the American National Ballet Theatre opened their London season at Covent Garden with four ballets.

Theme and Variations, with choreo-

"At Covent Garden"

graphy by Balanchine to music by Tchaikovsky, is of extreme choreographical difficulty, ideally displaying the excellent technique of the dancers. M. Youskevitch, who is surely the finest male classical dancer of to-day, overshadowed everyone else by his exquisite poise, timing, and exactitude of execution, though Madame Alicia Alonso displayed ability above the average. The whole effect was unfortunately marred by the raggedness of the Corps de Ballet.

Pillar of Fire, with choreography by Anthony Tudor to Schoenberg's music, lacked both interest and design. The subfusc décor proved a poor background to fine dancing and dramatic talent. The grace of Miss Nora Kaye, her control and purity of line, deserved a better vehicle, as did the charm and delicacy of Miss Norma Vance.

Pas de Deux (from *The Sleeping Beauty*), with choreography after Petipa, was danced to Tchaikovsky's music by M. Youskevitch and Miss Mary Ellen Moylan. Her partner's lovely performance did not detract from Miss Moylan's pace, lightness and vivacity.

Rodeo, with Aaron Copland's gay music and Agnes de Mille's clever choreography, is a delightfully original American ballet. It has humour and pathos as well as beauty of design and was most brilliantly danced. Miss Alleyn McLerie, Mr. James Mitchell and Mr. John Kritza were outstanding. A. S. P.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

BACH'S *Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue* and Schumann's *Symphonic Studies*, two major instrumental works deleted from the English catalogues many years ago, are now happily to be found amongst the records issued last month. The choice of pianist, in both cases, is unusual. We associate Schnabel with Beethoven and Schubert, but not with Bach; and Mewton-Wood with contemporary music, but not with Schumann. It is refreshing to get away like this from type-casting, and the results fully justify it.

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Schnabel's *Chromatic Fantasia* is neither as human as Fischer's, nor as impassioned as Landowska's (these were the two recordings long since deleted), but his interpretation, austere and withdrawn, has great dignity and his finger dexterity, although the fugue is played too quickly, is amazing. The *Fifth Prelude and Fugue* from the first book of the forty-eight is on the last side (H.M.V. DB 9511-2). After a somewhat uncertain start Noel Mewton-Wood settles down to an excellent and often sensitive performance of Schumann's *Symphonic Studies* which will give much pleasure. The piano tone, good in the Schnabel discs, is here rather shallow (Decca AK 2361-3).

I also warmly recommend Rachmaninov's *Second Suite for Two Pianos*, Op. 17, played by Phyllis Sellick and Cyril Smith. The ensemble is perfect, the music unfailingly tuneful (in the manner of the second piano concerto) and the recording first-rate (Columbia DX 1675-7). Finally, in this vintage month of piano recordings, there is Lili Kraus' impulsive and attractive performance of one of the last, and best, sonatas by Schubert, Op. 42 in A minor, in which the piano tone is admirably true throughout (Parlophone R. 20585-8).

A very interesting first issue is Debussy's *Sonata for Violoncello and Piano*, played by Paul Tortelier and Gerald Moore. It is no longer fashionable to decry the last three chamber works by Debussy, composed before his death in 1918, out of the six for different instruments he had hoped to write in order to show that French thought had not been destroyed by the 1914 war, and this imaginative work, which was to have borne the sub-title *Pierrot fache avec la lune*, is alone proof of a new creative phase. The Sonata is played with perfect understanding and accord by the two artists named above and only marred, as regards the recording, by indifferent piano tone (H.M.V. DB 9509-10 on special order only).

The Amadeus String Quartet give us a youthfully vital and, on the whole, excellent performance of the first of the six quartets (G major K.387) Mozart dedi-

cated to "his dear friend Haydn," with Haydn's enchanting *Serenade* (from the early F major Quartet) on the reverse. The Mozart is glorious music from start to finish and well recorded (H.M.V. C 4014-7).

The small list of really satisfactory recordings of the organ is enlarged by Marcel Dupre's clear and sensibly registered playing of Bach's *Fantasia and Fugue in G minor* ("the Great"), although one could wish for a more imaginative treatment of the *Fantasia*. The organ, very well recorded, is that of St. Mark's, North Audley Street, London (Decca AK 2364-5).

Renata Tebaldi, one of the leading sopranos of the La Scala Opera Company, who achieved a resounding success recently at Edinburgh and Covent Garden, has made a record of *Ritorna Vincitor* from *Aida*, which shows off her splendid voice very well (Decca X 326) and Victoria de los Angeles, who is soon to be heard as Elsa in *Lohengrin* at Covent Garden, has done *Elsa's Dream* and *Elisabeth's Greeting*, from *Tannhauser*. I enjoyed both these arias immensely, although the singer would be better cast as Ortrud and Venus. The orchestral accompaniments, played by the Philharmonia Orchestra conducted by Fistoulari, are exceptionally good and a really just balance has, for once, been secured (H.M.V. DB 21095).

Brahms' *Second Symphony in D major* played by the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Fritz Busch (H.M.V. C 4006-9), and Rossini's *Overture to L'Italiana in Algeri*, played by the Orchestra Stabile Accademia di Santa Cecilia conducted by Tullio Serafin, (H.M.V. C 4012) are the only orchestral recordings I can recommend without qualification, and I am glad to see that both are on plum label.

In the category of light music the Melachrino Strings play *September Song* and *Autumn Leaves* delightfully (H.M.V. B 9952) and, more attractive to me, Roberto Inglez's players are enchanting in *Danza Lucumi* and *Rhapsodia Negra* (Parlophone R 3314). ALEC ROBERTSON.

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